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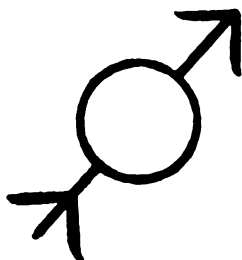
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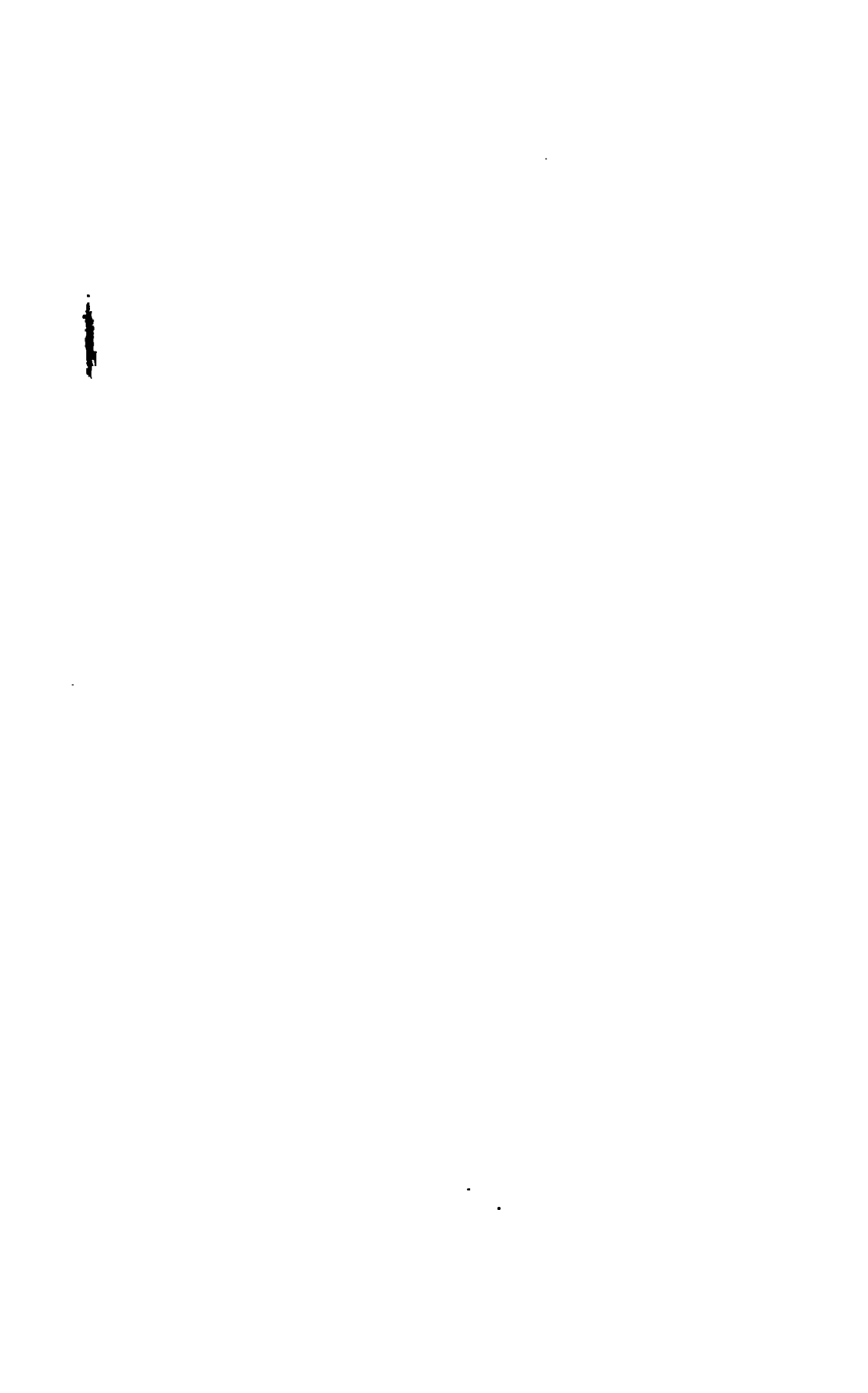


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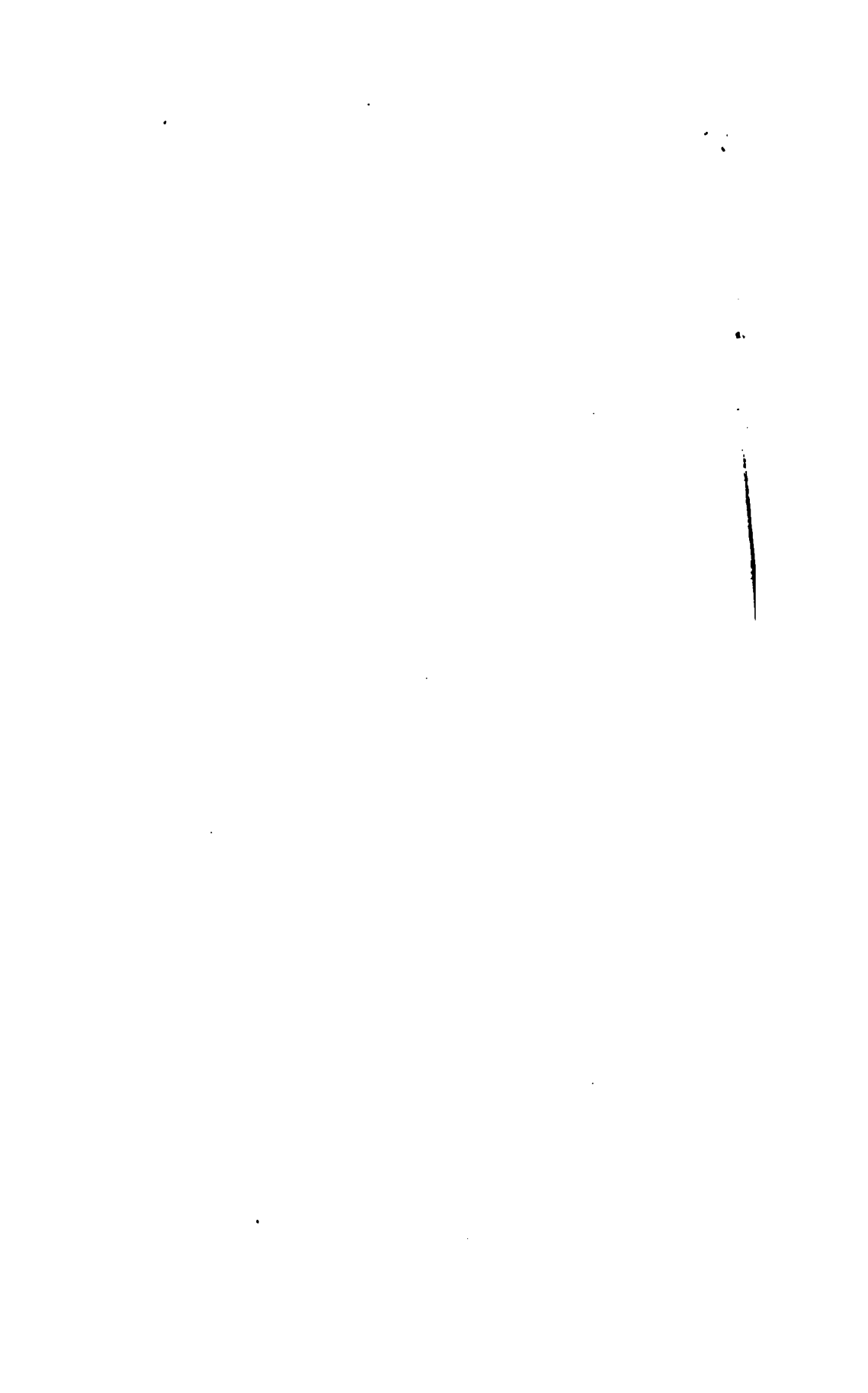


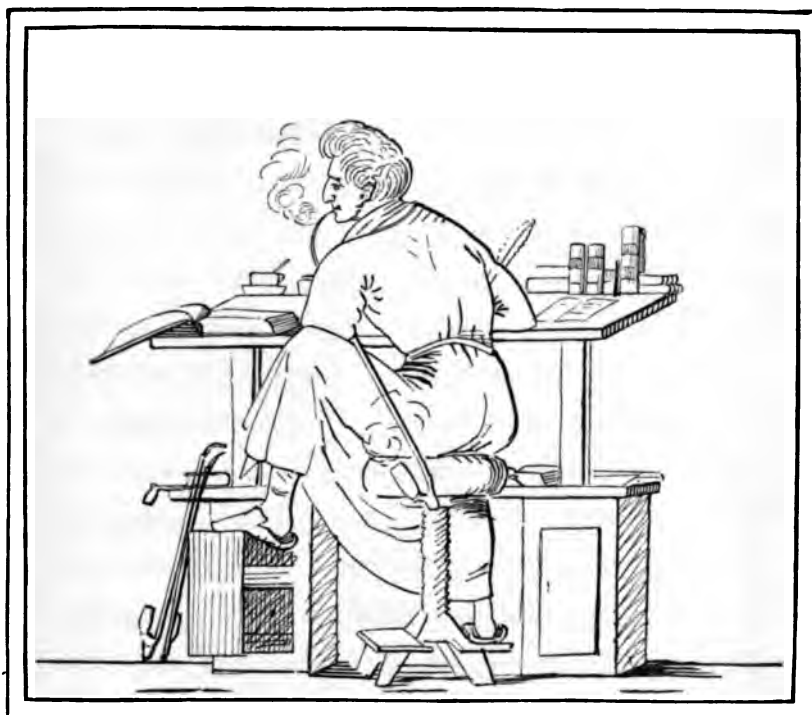


COUNT VON MOLTKE'S LETTERS

TO HIS MOTHER AND HIS BROTHERS.

VOL. II.





ADOLF VON MOLTKE.

Drawn by his brother Helmuth (1833).

LETTERS
OF
FIELD-MARSHAL
COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE
TO
HIS MOTHER AND HIS BROTHERS

TRANSLATED BY
CLARA BELL AND HENRY W. FISCHER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

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This sketch was made by the Field-Marshal at the time when he and his brother were living together at Berlin, Adolf as a law student, and Helmuth as a lieutenant. Helmuth, whose military position took him a great deal into the society of the capital, had the greatest regard for his reserved, laborious brother, to whom he was affectionately attached. He took advantage of a quiet hour to sketch him absorbed in his studies, sitting a little way behind him. To the end of his life the Field-Marshal would ask to see this drawing from time to time, and contemplate it with smiling interest.

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Count von Moltke's Letters

TO HIS BROTHER ADOLF.

(1839—1871.)

COUNT VON MOLTKE'S LETTERS
TO HIS BROTHER ADOLF.

(Continued.)

Berlin, January 2nd, 1860.

DEAR ADOLF,

I am pretty well, but just at present have a great deal to do as President of the Coast Fortification Commission, the representatives of the Maritime States being invited to meet here on the 9th of the month. Whether Hanover will join is very doubtful, and this throws many difficulties in our way.

The meeting of the two Houses on the 12th of this month is anticipated with some interest. The Bills for the Regulation of the Land Tax and Military Reform are measures of the highest importance. Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 19th, 1861.

DEAR ADOLF,

I have nothing new to tell you of this tedious Europe. Count Rantzau, formerly Provost of Uetersen, who is now living in Berlin, having accepted office in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, asked after you most kindly. I have before me the Memoirs of the Prince of Nöer. I have not yet read them, but they are received with general disapprobation throughout Germany. The reduction of the army in France has come to nothing. M. Fould must see where he can get the money. The general armament continues. Our elections have turned out very badly ; it is not impossible that Waldeck may become President of the Lower House. The members who cannot see that Prussia is at present the sole guarantee for the peace of Europe against the superior force of France, will move the reduction of the present standing army. This will be rejected, and it may lead to the dissolution of the Diet. England is on the point of war with the Yankees (*sic*), and Russia in the middle of a terrible

TO HIS BROTHER ADOLF.

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crisis, between a dissatisfied and plundered nobility and a populace suddenly freed, and impossible to educate. There seems to be a change for the better in Hungary, their intoxication is going off; but the state of finances and of Venice will paralyze any action beyond the frontier for some time to come. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

London, December 22nd, 1861.

DEAR ADOLF,

I answered your letter of the 30th of last month immediately after its receipt in Berlin, but as the mail leaves only once for Madeira, that is the day after to-morrow, I fear you will receive this letter and my first at the same time. According to the Postal Guide, the steamer arrives at your island on the 1st of January next, so I wish you a happy and healthy New Year with all my heart. The same mail will, no doubt, bring you a letter from Augusta, with good news from Rantzau, and thus convey the best possible New Year's present to yourself and your wife. Christmas Eve you

will spend in fancy with the children, who this time have only their grandmother to give them Christmas-boxes.

The sudden and totally unexpected death of Prince Albert has no less unexpectedly brought me to England. The Crown Prince wished me to accompany him; to-morrow, Monday 23rd, the elaborate funeral ceremonies for the Royal Consort will be held in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The whole solemnity will occupy only two hours, and take place within the wide precincts of this magnificent royal castle, the procession passing from one wing to the other across the courtyard. All mourners and their suites are to wear black coats; but otherwise the traditional ceremony and splendour will be observed. The express train leaves here for Windsor at 10 o'clock and returns at 2 o'clock; at seven we shall be at Dover, toss on the channel all night, rush through Cologne on Christmas Eve, and arrive in Berlin early on the 25th.

The Queen has been removed to Osborne and will not be present at the funeral. It is a well-known fact that the death of her aged mother

affected her so much as to make her seem unconscious of all about her. No one knows how she will bear this terrible blow. The Prince, a handsome, prudent, and intelligent man, had only reached the age of 42. Their family life was an exemplary one in every respect, and especially gratifying in such a high position. Now the Queen must decide on war or peace without his advice; and to add to her troubles Lord Palmerston is said to be ill. Though it seems to be bad policy for America to make war upon England, I doubt whether the Washington Government is strong enough to deliver up Mr. Slidell, &c.,¹ in the face of the democratic outcry.

And this is what England demands, neither more nor less, and anything short of this means war, and the consequences are incalculable. If the decisions in New York were founded on political considerations, it might be supposed that the Republic wishes to indemnify itself for the almost

¹ Messrs. Slidell and Mason, the two Confederate representatives, had been forcibly taken from the English mail steamer *Trent*, while on the way from Havana to St. Thomas, by the American man-of-war *San Jacinto*.

inevitable loss of the South by trying for Canada. Reinforcements will be sent thither in a few days. This is a serious matter enough for us Prussians. At a time when Russia and Austria are crippled by internal troubles, and England engaged in a war on the other side of the ocean, France has only Prussia to contend with in her endeavours to rule and bully Europe. Perhaps the very fact that she is called upon to decide in matters of such grave importance will rouse the British Queen from the depth of her sorrow.

Here in London we are having continuous fog, a thermometer at four degrees (centigrade) above freezing-point and a biting east wind, which appears to be even less agreeable on this island than on the Continent. With all the boasted comfort we can never find a warm room. Between an open grate and sash windows, it is impossible to obtain a steady temperature of fifteen degrees (54° Fahr.) from morning till night. Though I skip luncheon, I have had my fill of the heavy food for a fortnight in advance, and I am very glad our stay is limited to four days only. To-day, Sunday, the official ennui is prevailing, and I will content

myself with going to Westminster Abbey, and gazing at the Houses of Parliament from the outside.

Yesterday I went to Sydenham ; I am vexed you did not visit the Crystal Palace, it is far more remarkable than is generally supposed ; more especially it contains specimens of architectural styles such as are not to be seen elsewhere.

One must travel to Nuremburg and York, to Granada, Egypt, Greece, and Ethiopia to see what is here collected under one roof. But what is the good of beautiful scenery without blue heavens ? The most forlorn moor looks more beautiful in a rosy sunset than the Isle of Wight in a fog,—and that is the secret of the charm of the Roman Campagna, which in itself is not much more beautiful than the marshes at Uetersen. Your descriptions of Madeira have evoked in myself and Marie a craving for southern climes—*Veder Napoli e poi morire*, they say, and really there is some truth in the proverb, for one who has seen Italy can never be entirely unhappy afterwards. Even on a foggy Sunday in London one may transport oneself in mind to the scenery of mountain and sea, with

that tropical wealth of colour, which now greets your eyes. And yet, perhaps, you are thinking with longing for the grey North; for friends, and not scenery, are most dear to the heart, after all.

Your brother,
HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 19th, 1862.

DEAR ADOLF,

Your letter of the 3rd of this month arrived here on the 16th. Communication between us and the Island, at a distance of 600 to 700 miles² is both certain and rapid, since your letter made, on the average, 50 miles [German] a day; but it certainly is not frequent. As, strange to say, there is no direct communication with the Portuguese mother-country, you will have to proceed pretty far along the Meridian of Faroe, and approach the Equator within one-third of its distance from the Pole, almost to the tropic of Cancer; the near proximity of the tropics and the Sahara will make themselves felt even as early as April. The sea, however, will temper the heat,

² Madeira, about 2400 to 2800 English miles.

and the Canary Isles may prove very interesting. I expect you will have to spend a few days there waiting for the steamer. Your letter arrived here just one day after Guste, Ernestine, and Frederike had left; we read it in all possible haste, and sent it after them; for this reason I have quite forgotten if you go to Cadiz first, or, as I imagine, to Gibraltar direct. I should prefer the latter route, and I enjoy picturing you as you enter between the "Pillars of Hercules." To the right, in the far distance, the Atlas Mountains, to the left the flat coast of Europe, and, towering up, the mighty rock of Gibraltar. This Gebel-al-Tarik, the Mountain of Tarik—the Omayyad caliph—has on its western slope the smiling city, with green trees and gardens; from the rocky galleries towards the desolate, sandy isthmus on the north, British cannon threaten orthodox Spain; on the east the rock is a precipice, several thousand feet high, perfectly inaccessible, almost bare of even a green blade, and grimly fine as it plunges into the dark-blue, almost unfathomable waters, which here join the Atlantic. On this rock the Saracens still maintained a footing, when Christian intolerance

drove from European soil a nation of several millions, far more cultured than their conquerors, who injured themselves most, and soon sank into indolence, barbarism, and the Inquisition. The Arabs took their latch-keys with them; their beautiful ballads to this day sing of the valley of Granada, and the splendour of Seville, and they confidently trust that Allah will reinstate them there at some future time.

You can observe a true picture of the domestic life of this remarkable people in Seville by entering the court-yards of some of the houses; the Alcazar retains its splendour in spite of the introduction of the lions of Leon, the towers of Castile, and the additions made by Charles V.

. . . . An excursion to Arles, Nimes, and Avignon, from Marseilles would be easier, because entirely by railway; it would give you an idea of the character of Provence, and enable you to see the important Roman remains.

If, as I believe, the steamers between Toulon and Genoa do not touch at Nice, I would suggest that you should go to Nice by land; do not miss the Corniche at any rate. You can hire a Vettu-

rino and a two-wheeled Calescino to carry you to Voltri, but strike a bargain with him before leaving, in the presence of the hotel-keeper. The Vetturino generally undertakes to provide food, and thus you get on very comfortably. The *caparra*, or earnest-money, which the driver hands over to the traveller, must always be insisted on. The Riviera di Levante, the coast from Genoa to Lucca, is still more beautiful, as far as La Spezzia (Porto Venere) at least. Beyond that, your purse, the weather, and the time at your disposal must decide at what point you will turn off to the left.

The news of the "identical notes," issued by all German cabinets against Prussia, has probably penetrated to Madeira. Nevertheless, an understanding has been effected just at this moment between Berlin and Vienna in relation to the Hesse question; though the law of election has not been touched upon Austria, has given in to our views in other respects, not without some sacrifice of its former standpoint. The Elector, however, seems not disinclined to allow the Confederation to collapse altogether.

The Denmark troubles have assumed a worse

aspect; the Danish "rump parliament," from which the two German members have just been expelled, rules the country to the Eider line. This must finally lead to a breach, however unwilling we may be. It is open defiance.

Add to this that we have just passed through a Ministerial crisis. The Liberals, who had expressly declared their intention of forcing out the Liberal Ministers, have attacked the most liberal member of the Cabinet, Herr von Patow, on a question of expenditure, in such a way that he has sent in his resignation. The King, instead of accepting the resignation, dissolved the Diet and adjourned the Upper House. It appears, however, that four of the Ministers insisted upon resigning unless a certain programme of government was accepted, which the other three Ministers opposed. So we have had a Dissolution of Parliament, and a Ministerial crisis all at the same time.

Patow, Bernuth, Auerswald and Pückler have left office, Von der Heydt, Roon and Bernstorff remain; Prince Hohenlohe, the President of the Upper House, Count Lippe, Von Jagow, Count Itzenplitz and Mühler are the new members.

Nobody knows as yet on what lines this new Ministry will proceed. The Right will probably gain some ground. But then the newly elected chamber may tend more to the Left. Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 15th, 1862.

DEAR ADOLF,

To-day Madame von Krohn handed me a letter from your wife, that had been enclosed in one to her ; without date (all women seem to be averse to dating their letters), but for which I nevertheless thank her very much ; we gather from it, to our great joy, that your stay on the magical Isle in the Atlantic is attended by constant improvement, both in your health and hers. The more beneficial the Madeira climate proves to you, the more desirable it seems to prolong your stay. If you go a few floors higher in this palace of nature, you will be somewhat out of the oppressive heat, though it may interfere with your fishing. An officer who went with his wife to Italy, in order to save her lungs, met with

four degrees of frost in Verona, where there was no way of warming the rooms. In Paris the Emperor goes skating with his wife, and even at Cannes the prevalent temperature is that of an Arctic landscape.

According to the advice of our physicians, even a six months' stay in the tropics does not suffice really to cure a deeply-rooted disease, though it may do much towards mitigating it. It would therefore be well now to consider the possibility of your prolonging your stay in Madeira for a whole year. There is yet time to obtain leave of absence, and to make the necessary arrangements at Rantzau, where everything, by the way, goes on as usual. As no heavy travelling expenses have this time to be taken into account, 200 thalers per month will probably suffice.

On your return in the spring of 1863, I hope thoroughly cured, you will be sure to find your office in good working order, and take it up yourself with renewed strength. Then you can linger a few months on your return journey with recovered health and make use of the time

to visit the most interesting parts of Southern Europe.

You need not get frightened at the prospect of such a long absence. To me the matter offers no serious objections. The children are as well cared for as you could wish, the Government can hardly refuse you leave as you supply a substitute. At any rate, I beg of you to give it due consideration, and if you can make up your mind to it, take the necessary steps at once.

Here, for some days we have had such biting east winds, that even sound lungs feel it; but the thermometer shows only six to seven degrees of frost, and no snow, I am sorry to say.

We have seen the sun to-day for the first time for several weeks, and already the spiral line of its course is high enough for it to shine over the neighbouring roofs, into my beautiful south rooms, warming them perceptibly already at mid-day. I always hail this transition to summer with joy, for I only live in summer, and then only in the evening when I go out riding. I detest the cold, especially indoors.

Yesterday I attended the opening of the

chamber in the cold chapel of the castle, and in the cold White Hall. I observed some curious people on that occasion, a number of very young men and some suspiciously black beards. There were also a few figures reminding one of Bassermann. And these are the men expected by the people to govern the country better than the king.

It is generally supposed that the reformers will go cautiously at first and not string the bow too tightly. Cordially your brother

HELMUTH.

Berlin, January 20th, 1864.

DEAR ADOLF,

We are all glad that you stood so well the continuous biting cold of the last three weeks. A thaw with westerly winds has set in here to-day, but, in spite of the abhorrence of the cold acquired in the somewhat debilitating south, I pray to God for only two weeks more of frosty weather, so that the unhappy German conflict, in which we have been entangled, may be quickly and radically ended. The troops will have hard times, in consequence of the slow transport service, but

we do our best to make them comfortable with blankets and hot beer.

German affairs are indeed not unlike those of a lunatic asylum. We had to prepare against the most monstrous possibilities, and had to take measures against them. No one knows whither we are drifting with demagogueism, imbecility and arrogance. But as Austria and Prussia have now joined hands, not only as to the German question but also as to its consequences, the chief danger is for the present averted. I am so overwhelmed with work that I cannot add a word save my affectionate regards to you and yours.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, January 29th, 1864.

DEAR ADOLF,

As far as I can see, the final throw will be cast within a week's time. If there is still more frost, things may be managed without too great a sacrifice; and then there is a probability that a decisive settlement of the Danish question may be arrived at. After that we have got to deal with

the minor States of Germany, which will give us plenty to do.

Prussia and Austria for the present proceed strictly within the lines of the treaties, in order to avert, if possible, an European conflagration. An encounter with the Danes can hardly be avoided, unless they retreat at the last moment to their islands, abandoning all their material of war, which would be the least desirable thing of all. When the question is finally settled, we can but offer Denmark "personal union," demanding in return full rights for the Duchies, or at least their entire independence; and material guarantees for good behaviour in the occupation of some fortified place, a standing German force, a war indemnity, etc.

Russia will certainly declare herself against the Duke, and never since that Empire has existed in Europe has it been in a position to throw such direct and powerful influence into the political scale; and this in spite of the Polish insurrection, or rather in consequence of it. This would complete the confusion in Germany, and the three northern powers might make war on South Germany and France. In short, no statesman,

perhaps, can see beyond the next few weeks, much less I. I hope for a victory to improve the aspect of affairs, both abroad and at home. The mere advance of so important a body of troops as the Prussian-Austrian army will support law and order, even in Holstein. We are willing to spare the irritated sensitiveness of the Minor States and their Commissaries, but everything has a limit. If the Grand Duke of Oldenburg closes his principality of Eutin by shutting the gate at Schwartau, this is an eccentricity which can only happen in Germany. But when the Minor States challenge Europe to war on their own responsibility, leaving Austria and Prussia to fight it out for them, strong measures must be taken.

Wherever we turn things look serious enough, we can only wait for what comes next. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Apenrade, August 1st, 1864.

. . . . The preliminary peace has to-day been signed in Vienna: Cession of the three

Duchies, occupation of Jutland until peace is ratified, and if, against all expectations, this should not be effected, the armistice to continue for twelve weeks at any rate, that is until the navigation is closed. So this war is ended, with as much success as could be expected. Now comes the second act, the German question, for which we have shed our soldiers' blood and spent millions. A prolonged sequestration will, I suppose, precede the final settlement. The Great Powers who have conquered the country will surely keep a hold on it until matters are arranged. The Duchies will probably have to take upon themselves not only part of the Danish National Debt, but also something like twenty millions of war costs. It is only fair that they should pay something for their liberation. As a necessary consequence, all officials must be released from their oaths of allegiance, and for the present fulfil their duties as representatives of Prussia and Austria. So I believe that your own position will be all you could wish.

Poor Denmark ! poor king ! The founder of a new dynasty, who begins his reign by losing one

half of the realm ! Sweeping reductions are inevitable in the army and navy, in the court and administration ; indeed, it is doubtful if this State can continue to exist as an independent kingdom. We have even smaller ones in Germany, but they exist only by the support of Austria and Prussia. If they should forget that, and try now to exist independently of the two Powers, they would soon find out their mistake. The fall of Rendsburg³ should prove a lesson to them.

Hitherto, they have seemed to fear the democracy of their own countries and capitals, more than the great German Powers. Herr von Beust talks as if he intended to declare war against us ere long.

I do not forget, however, that new complications may arise at any moment. We have treated with a king and a Government, who may to-morrow cease to exist, when the conditions are known in

³ Rendsburg is a city in Holstein and was formerly a fortified place. After the Schleswig-Holstein troubles of 1848 it was occupied by the Prussians and Austrians for a time, and later on turned over to the Danes, who promptly razed the fortifications, ransacked the magazines, and carried off the entire implements of war, the property of the Duchies, to Copenhagen.—H.F.

Copenhagen. We cannot but await the next news with much anxiety. From what we hear, the Queen and General Hausen are the only men of them all. The entire army is assembled on the Island of Fühnen. Only the guards, few in number, are stationed on the Isle of Zeeland, together with a strong body of militia. We learnt what these are in 1848.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, June 24th, 1865.

DEAR ADOLF,

. . . . The question of the Duchies is coming to a crisis, the consequences of which cannot be foreseen. The only thing perfectly clear to me is, that Prussia, for reasons of domestic and foreign policy, cannot afford to give up possession. The decision of the delegates is quite a secondary consideration. We cannot consider the outcome if it is conceived in a narrow-minded spirit, and for this reason the representatives should never have been asked, the assembly never have been called. Assemblies are the mere tools of individual intriguers, and a useless or dangerous play-

thing, where political necessity alone can decide. It could, at most, be out of consideration for the Emperor Napoleon. But in that case his style of doing things should be adopted—first seize the country and afterwards ask how they like it. To effect this there are only two alternatives; either to indemnify the part owner, or to make war upon him (or make him declare war against you). The first would involve a cession of Prussian territory, and this has hitherto been absolutely rejected by the King; the other course, therefore, is not impossible, and its consequences are incalculable, as the whole of Europe must of necessity take sides, however unwilling some of the States might be; since France is engaged in Algiers, Mexico, and perchance in North America; Russia has enough to do at home, and England as powerless on the Continent as she is presuming.

I still hope that an understanding may be come to which will lead the way to a reconciliation between the two German Powers. The peace of Europe would thus be secured and all interests served—but those of the Wurzburgers. We all send our best love.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, May 26th, 1866.

DEAR ADOLF,

I take advantage of a few free moments to answer your letter of the 16th, and to thank you for your expressions of sympathy.

These are indeed serious times. War is inevitable. I do not think that it is in the power of man to prevent it.

The destiny of Germany is now to be decided. The passion of the Germans for separation, observed by Tacitus, necessitates decision by force of arms. We never have had a Louis XI., who crushed the power of his vassals in France just at the right moment. It may be true, as the Austrian newspapers assert, that the juxtaposition of two great powers in Germany is an impossibility. One of the two must fall. The struggle will be terrific. Austria has made greater preparations than ever before, and we too are ready to put our whole force into the field. It seems as though Germany must pay her neighbours, right and left, with provinces.

I doubt whether the minor States, which are so eagerly stirring up the blaze, will fare better

under the sole authority of the victor than under the fluctuating influence of the two great Powers.

It cannot be denied that the attitude of the people of Holstein has done much to bring on the present crisis. If Prussia should be worsted, then the Holsteiners may see their wish of forming a petty State fulfilled on condition of their taking over a debt of 90 millions. But then they will have no Prussia, which alone guarantees the existence of the Northern small States. Austria will not burn her fingers for the Holsteiners, and the German confederation, which never did anything in its life, will do even less when it is dead.

Fifty years of peace have shown that union can never be achieved by means of a peaceful understanding; the German mind is too unpractical and too easily carried away by phrases. If it is God's will that Prussia should solve the problem, the General European situation is not unfavourable.

We have no friends in Germany. The confederation has become Austria's tool, the decisions

of the majority are the echo of the Vienna Cabinet. Yet this, and even the European Conferences, and above all the resolutions of Unions and Corporations, are mere cobwebs and can no longer stop the rolling stone. Austria has never yet prepared for war without striking ; she is not rich enough to disarm before some success. In Italy, no Government would be strong enough to suppress the enthusiasm of the notion. We ourselves have not desired this war, but we accept it with calm confidence. God grant us victory—for with Prussia Germany would fall. With hearty greetings,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, January 28th, 1867.

DEAR ADOLF,

. . . . On the whole an understanding between the States has been arrived at, which enables us to lay before parliament, when it meets on the 24th of the month, a definite programme. But there still remain many points for final settlement, especially in the important question of military help. For the Minor States have had

soldiers so cheaply that to make the show which Prussia has shared with them for the last fifty years their forces must be doubled or quadrupled. Now it is impossible to increase the taxation of these States suddenly and to a proportionate amount. The decree of annexation was formally proclaimed in Holstein on the 24th of last month, as I presume you will have heard even in Africa. The recruiting is going on quietly. In Hanover and Frankfort very serious disturbances occurred when the older men were called out to muster, no doubt in consequence of some prompting from outside ; but a fortnight later they were called out again, and order secured by a body of troops. Several hundred of the refractory were removed from the place and sent out for eight weeks' drill, which very much astonished them, but the lesson was effectual.

We are here in the midst of the carnival ; every evening something or other takes place, and at 10 o'clock at night, when one is thinking of bed, we have to proceed to Court, concert or *soirée*. Servants and horses get no rest before 1 a.m., and to work as usual in the morning. This is bad for the health.

February 13th.—We were getting rather uneasy, as a fortnight had passed since your departure by steamer, and yet no news of you ; to-day Guste, however, sends on from Ratzeburg a long letter from Fritz. He does not appear to be over-pleased with the expedition on the whole ; still, his letter is full of good lodgings, agreeable hosts, sun, air, and ocean, eighteen degrees of warmth, good breakfasts, blossoming roses, araucarias, palms and oranges—in short, of the various elements of which pleasant winter quarters may consist.

To me, at any rate, among grey fogs, dripping gutters and long evenings, such a glimpse into the sunny South is a smiling picture. The swarms of naked beggar boys would not trouble me very much. Misery, with us, hides itself in ill-ventilated hovels where it is not seen ; and hunger and cold mean death. In the South, the poorest has the sun to warm him, and the sea and banana trees allow nobody to starve. On the whole, we hope the stay in Algiers will give you much pleasure.

Yesterday the Reichstag elections took place, and we are very curious to know the result of these

direct elections. The returns have so far come in from a few districts only. In Sonderburg Ahlemann (a Dane) has been elected; at Neustadt, Bockelmann, against Oberpräsident Scheel, defeated. Pastor Schrader was elected in two places; I do not know anything about him. But a small number of votes have been registered in Holstein. I am standing for this district against Herr Wiggers, and congratulate the city of Berlin if I am defeated. The "City of Intellect" chooses a Mecklenburger as its representative. Schleiden is returned for Oldesloe, Baudissin-Friedrichshof for Rendsburg, Baudissin for Eckernförde, Councillor Jensen for Glückstadt, Staatsrath Franke for Tondern, and Doctor Goldenbaum for Bergedorf. According to the newspapers, just come to hand, Bismarck, Roon, myself, Falckenstein, Steinmetz and Herwarth are defeated in the six divisions of Berlin, and as many democrats elected. The masses are blind, and woe to the State and society where they obtain supremacy. Perhaps the rural districts have done better; the returns are not yet in.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 10th, 1867.

DEAR ADOLF,

The debates in the Reichstag take up a great deal of time, but are interesting in the highest degree since the preliminaries and elections are at last ended.

There are indeed some very talented men in this assembly, before whom conventional speechifying, talk for the sake of talking, comes to nothing.

But it seems as though even superior minds brought with them only their narrower views of life from the Minor States.

Councillor Franke, in his attack on the election of the Alsen representative Ahlemann, exhibited much ill-feeling towards the Danes, but found no echo among the members. Twesten, too, looks at European affairs only with the eyes of a Schleswig-Holsteiner. Herr Meyer (from Hamburg) failed to impress the House by his high-sounding phrases, and the Catholic parson Michaelis, not a *Kempis* but of Kempen in Silesia, who damned the whole business on church principles and gave us a sort

of Capuchin sermon,⁴ at once became a standing joke.

Warnstedt has as yet made no speech, but Münchhausen has spoken on the side of King George, attacking Prussia all round. Personally, the man made a good impression upon me. He spoke quietly and with dignity, though he was conscious of very general disapprobation. I have also listened, with great interest, to Waldeck, who attacks the Government programme from his own standpoint, which is opposed to particularism, and is liberal, almost republican.

The assembly listened to the speeches of Braun (of Saxony), Miquel-Osnabrück, and Wagner, for the motion, in perfect silence, and Bismarck twice replied in a really statesman-like speech. I am collecting the shorthand reports; it is a pity that none of your papers report the Reichstag meetings; it will be worth your while to read the speeches later.

By the time the general discussion had lasted

⁴ Referring no doubt to that of the Capuchin monk in Schiller's *Wallenstein*.—H.F.

two days, I was convinced that the rejection of the Constitution-Bill is an impossibility. All the opposition can do is to fight over the separate clauses ; they cannot ruin the whole thing, so they will try to damage it in detail.

If the day had but twenty-four hours more ! To-day we have sat from ten to three ; at present there is a divisional meeting, and the regular work of the office to be attended to. Besides all this, I am very busy editing a history of the last campaign, which is soon to appear.

I hope to be able to complete the family-tree in all its details. The sheet of paper is as large as a table-cloth, for the living generation alone boasts of a hundred members. If I ever succeed in acquiring landed property, I will have it set out on stucco. It ought, I think, to spur on our posterity to be worthy of their ancestors.

HELMUTH.

May, 1867.

DEAR ADOLF,

The Reichstag will probably close on Tuesday next. I have no doubts of a satisfactory

result. After that the Prussian Diet meets ; happily I have nothing to do with that.

The Luxemburg Question will hardly lead to war just at present. Louis Napoleon must be aware that he is not prepared for it ; but he cannot say so to his vain Frenchmen ; public opinion is much excited in Paris, fomented by party-spirit, and an explosion is not impossible. Nothing could be better for us than that war, which is bound to come, should be declared at once, while Austria is, in all probability, engaged in the East. She has 30,000 troops at this moment assembled at Semlin, but whether it is against their fellow Croats, or the Servians, nobody knows as yet. We count on seeing you on your return trip ; within six weeks the situation will be clearer. With affectionate regard,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, November 29th, 1867.

DEAR ADOLF,

I am sorry that you have not been a candidate for election to the Reichstag or Diet. The Duchies are represented by uncommonly

queer specimens; it would be an injustice to judge the country by their hopeless incapacity. Franke is the only man who speaks to the point, without empty phrases, though he is hostile to the Government. None of the others have succeeded in holding the attention of the House for five minutes. You will not find these remarks in the shorthand reports, for one half of the speeches are delivered for the benefit of the shorthand writers only. If it will interest you, I will send you the report of this year's proceedings, as well as the second part of the account of the campaign. You will have received the first part. I will also send you the maps of the battle-fields. Your brother,
HELMUTH.

Berlin, January 24th, 1868.

DEAR ADOLF,

A great deal is being done to relieve the famine in Prussia; aid comes from all parts of Germany, and even from abroad. For all that, the detestable climate of this country, blessed as it is with such excellent soil, cannot be changed.

Here the entire husbandry must be finished in

a few months. When we begin ploughing in Silesia ⁵ the Prussian farmer must have done his sowing. This involves an immense stock of horses, etc., and many hands, which are not to be had. Remission of taxes and donations of money are hazardous remedies; employment of the needy the only effectual help. This will now be offered in abundance on road and railway making, but the weather hinders the beginning.

Things are far worse in Algeria, where the Emperor offers the ridiculous sum of half a million of francs [about 19,800*l.*, or 96,000 dollars]. But I cannot believe that the domestic difficulties of France will insure peace. On the other hand he will only play the *va banque* of war when he sees no other way of holding on. A better guarantee lies in the fact that France alone is too weak, and Austria not ready.

The *Zoll parlament* [commission on import duties] meets in March, and will show if the German nation is willing to make use of the opportunity, which Providence offers very few

⁵ Meanwhile the Field-Marshal had acquired the estate of Creisau, near Schweidnitz.

hundred years, of effecting the union for which everybody is shouting, singing, and dining; but which, after all, is never quite to the pattern set up by each German race as distinct from every other. Such an union can never be effected but by coercion; we shall have to fight for it sooner or later.

We had a pretty fair harvest in Silesia, plenty of straw—which I wanted badly as I am obliged to buy 1000 thalers worth of artificial manure—but less grain. I still have two thousand bushels of wheat on hand; good property at the rate of 4 thalers per bushel. I shall have to build in spring. The buildings are entirely of stone, but the house has only a shingle roof, and the roof-tree is rotting. Besides, I am going to lay out a park, in which bridges must be built, roads made, and 10,000 trees planted. I shall not live to walk in their shade, but there are some fine old oaks already. I rejoice every day to see the sun rising higher over the roofs; we may hope for summer again some day.

We both send hearty greetings,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 24th, 1868.

DEAR ADOLF,

Our dear Marie died this afternoon at 3 o'clock, after sixteen days of severe illness, but a short and painless death-struggle. A dreadful fever snatched her from us after all means of medical skill and careful nursing had been exhausted. Several days ago, while yet fully conscious, she took leave of us, and prayed for us in her worst delirium. I cannot desire her to awake again. She has led a life of rare happiness, and escaped the sadness of old age. Her open, true, and pious character, made her beloved by everybody, and her death has caused much grief.

Jeanette⁶ arrived this morning. Guste has devoted herself to nursing. They are both a great comfort to me. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 30th, 1868.

DEAR AUGUSTE,

I thank you affectionately for your kind

⁶ Baroness von Brockdorff, Frau von Moltke's sister.

sympathy in my bitter grief. Those who knew Marie can feel the greatness of my loss and the emptiness of my life. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than she looked after all was over, and the sweet and tranquil look on her face. She seemed to be only asleep. She is now in her coffin in the little Catholic Chapel at Creisau, surrounded with innumerable wreaths of flowers and palms. The Mayors and head-men on the property begged to be allowed to carry the coffin. The little church was strewn with green fir branches, and many wept bitterly. They all had loved their young and beautiful mistress. I hope in the spring to finish a little vault for Marie and myself; I had always thought Marie would do this for me. The mausoleum will be erected on the top of a small wooded hill near the house, from whence there is a wide and beautiful view of the estate and mountains. I hope to make the spot so attractive that every one may be tempted to linger there.

With most affectionate greetings to Adolf and the girls. Your desolate brother-in-law,

HELMUTH.

TO HIS BROTHER ADOLF.

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Berlin, January, 9th, 1869.

DEAR AUGUSTA,

I thank you again and again for your kind sympathy in my affliction. You knew Marie well enough to estimate the depth of my sorrow. It still seems like a dreadful dream to think of her being torn away from such blooming, vigorous life.

Our relatives have done everything to lighten my burden as far as outward matters are concerned. Jeanette is still here, and life goes on as usual. Fritz and Guste will do me the great favour of sacrificing their home in Lübeck, to which they are so much attached, and coming to live with me. This I regard as a great kindness. As the King has been graciously pleased to appoint Henry to be my second Adjutant, I have those about me who were in loving intimacy with Marie. I shall presently send a few trinkets which belonged to her ; accept them as a remembrance. I have reserved a keepsake for your daughter Marie, her godchild, till her confirmation. I beg of you to remember kindly your faithful brother-in-law

HELMUTH.

Creisau, August 29th, 1869.

DEAR ADOLF,

At your next visit here you will find that great progress has been made in Creisau. The first-floor rooms are now very pretty and ready for the reception of guests. The entrance-room on the ground-floor, which is hung with granite-marble paper, forms a tastefully arranged hall in its simplicity ; the large buffet appears to great advantage opposite the front door. The house, on the whole, is finished, and that very considerable expense is at an end. In the autumn we must proceed again with the bridges and road-making.

The landscape gardener was here yesterday. He has reserved for me, at Breslau, a number of conifers, which are to be planted out round the chapel and in front of the future burial-place. But the man says the Steinberg must be supplied with water, as otherwise the plantation will not thrive. How the water is to be raised 30 feet is now the question ; it will certainly cost a great deal. The rock is to be blasted this week so as to give the side of the hill on which the chapel stands a more rugged appearance. The gardener comes

next week to plant the pine trees, as August is the best time for setting them out. The third year's income of the estate will thus be spent.

The harvest is almost in, except the second crop of hay and the potatoes. Now we must prepare for next year. Horses and men are all busy, so I had to get strange workmen for the Steinberg job.

Grapes and greengages have also come in, but the greater part of the vines will, I fear, not ripen. We only had about a dozen peaches. The pelargonium beds in front of the house are splendid, and the Ricinus has grown to a height of $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

After you left us at Dresden, where it was really wintry, we had no sunshine after the first day throughout the whole journey of inspection, but we never got a wetting.

From Stolpen we made delightful excursions into the ravines of the Saxon Switzerland, and the whole party assembled every evening in the best spirits. They ran especially high over a monster stirrup cup at Grossenhayn, where the Crown Prince was then still visiting us. From thence I came here with Henry by railway, in lovely weather, the day before yesterday, and ever

since we have had beautiful sunshine and few gnats, and are driving out as usual in the carriage.

As I am to attend the King to Pomerania and Prussia, I shall set out for Berlin on the 2nd or 3rd of September, but hope to be able to spend the latter half of the month here, and October. Then I have to arrange a harvest festival for the people, and a shooting-party for the neighbours. Your brother

HELMUTH.

Criesau, October 28th, 1869.

DEAR ADOLF,

Many thanks for your kind letter of the 25th, which found me still here in Criesau, where I have been detained by all sorts of business. A great deal has been done since you left, the house is completely set up, the chapel surrounded with a garden planted with above a thousand conifers, and a good path made up to it. In front there is a terrace, the whole slope is covered with turf, and a fountain made to which nothing is wanting but the water—the principal thing, to

be sure. A large American fire-hose refused to work, so I am having a force pump put up with iron pipes. We are also building a bridge 28 feet long and $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet high over the Peile on the way to Wierischau and regulating the course of the stream, which otherwise washes away my land every year. The banks are already laid with fascines in several places, and the rifts filled up with earth. The whole income from the estate for the year has been laid out on it. For some days the snow on the hills has been coming lower and lower, and to-day, even on the plain, the sun lights up a perfectly wintry landscape, with green trees. I must now return to Berlin to-morrow, whither Guste first, and then Fritz, have gone before me to settle in winter quarters.

I see from your letter how hard it has been to you to resign your post.

You have served the cause of your little Fatherland with faithful devotion and acknowledged merit, and have risen to a distinguished position in very difficult times. It is no wonder that you cling to the soil with all the fibres of your being. But you were serving a losing cause, to the very

last moment; or at least circumstances took a different course from that which you expected and intended; this and your health closed the higher career to which your talents entitled you. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the new Government has behaved liberally to the Holstein officials. The lack of professional occupations will, of course, bring with it a sense of idleness, and if you can reconcile it with your health and financial means I would not advise you to give it up, although, I must confess, that I am very happy in my freedom. I have banked up and trenched here like a day-labourer, and I could certainly find suitable employment for you in the field of literature.

As soon as I am at Berlin I will enquire about the Supreme Court and the principles on which pensions are granted, and let you know at once.

Berlin, July 18th, 1870.

DEAR ADOLF,

How things have changed in the few days since my journey. The desperate adventurer of Boulogne is setting two nations at each other to save his dynastic interests if possible. Never was

a war more justly undertaken than this on our side, so we hope for God's aid. But His ways are not our ways, and He attains His ends in the evolution of the world, even by lost campaigns. Still we hope for the best ; the political situation is favourable, for we have ground for assuming that, for the present, we have no second foe in our rear. So I can nowhere await events in greater quiet and security than at Criesau. News, official or private, reaches Schweidnitz as quickly and surely as Berlin. . . .

It is a fortunate circumstance for Helmuth that he will now be an officer at once, and while still young be engaged in a war, for which we elders had to wait forty years. . . .

Beg Fritz to tell Ernst and August,⁷ that I will take them both in the baggage-train. The saddle-horses and four carriage horses must for the present remain at Creisau, for everything here is full to overflowing ; the men may then come up with the horses in ten or twelve days and will get their first orders. August may bring the 200 thalers which are in the fire-proof safe, my dressing-gown

⁷ Two servants.

and slippers, and some of the linen. Plain clothes may remain there. It is to be hoped that the harvest will be got in quickly, we shall want it ; it has failed entirely in Northern France. Few, probably, of the labourers will be called out ; they are for the most part old cripples, but the inspector will have to go ; he certainly is still bound to serve. I am glad that you can already extend your walk as far as to the chapel ; if the bailiff has no pressing work on hand, get him to make a bench on the lower terrace.

Much love to you all. I hope you will find a real home at Creisau.

HELMUTH.

Ferrières, September 21st, 1870.

Ferrières is a château three miles [more than thirteen English miles] east of Paris, furnished with royal magnificence, the creation of the fifth great power in Europe, the apotheosis of Mammon. Here Rothschild received the Emperor Louis Napoleon ; as Count Molé once entertained Louis XIV., so in our time did the parvenu of wealth entertain the parvenu of power. Official newspapers

of the time mention a shooting party, at which the Emperor brought down the strangest game ; among other things a parrot which shrieked " Vive l'Empereur " as it fell. Now the whole nation is shrieking " A bas l'Empereur," and Ferrières is the head-quarters of his enemy, who, after besieging Metz and Strasburg, has now to embrace what Victor Hugo calls the Sacred Capital in arms of iron. Paris has, since yesterday, been completely invested on all sides, and we live in hourly expectation of hearing how the hundred thousand Gardes-Mobiles, of which the papers speak, will take this embrace. The last French corps left intact, the XIVth, did in fact oppose the advance from the south, but was driven back yesterday behind the forts, losing seven guns. The Vth Army Corps, at the head of our advancing forces, had some fighting on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, and I will not send off this letter till I have news of Helmuth.

La France, " qui est plus forte que jamais," even under these circumstances, talks big, as usual. Any army in the field has ceased to exist, but they still have M. Rochefort, *professeur de barricades*,

and *la poitrine des patriotes invincibles*. Nevertheless, La République made her appearance here at head-quarters yesterday in the person of M. Jules Favre.

September 22nd, evening. I have just heard that Helmuth is well and unhurt. He is now quartered at Versailles, and will have time and leisure to write to you and describe the most splendid palace in the world. I will go over there one day soon.

Wilhelm sends no news of himself, but the 17th Dragoons has, to my knowledge, not yet met the enemy ; whether it had been sent to the siege of Toul, or is quartered in Rheims to keep the Franc-voleurs in order, I do not know.

I have to-day a letter from Geheimrath von Frankenberg, who has been to see you at Creisau. The kind old fellow sends me an ivy leaf from the chapel. Oh, if only Marie had lived to see these times ! But I believe that departed souls do not lose their cognizance of earthly things, and that her patriotic heart sympathizes with us all.

We have now had several days of the loveliest

Autumn weather, and I hope that, after the dreadful rains in Silesia, you are having the same. But it is very cool in the rooms to the north. Dear Adolf, I wish you could spend the winter somewhere in a warmer climate with your family. If possible I would join you, for such a campaign tries the strength severely when a man has sixty years on his shoulders, as I have. But I cherish a private hope that I may be shooting hares at Creisau by the end of October.

M. Favre has not yet come out from Paris again, and as he quite lately declared that not an inch of French ground, not a stone of a French fortress should be surrendered, and as, besides this, the Parisians have, throughout the campaign, read news only of victories, they must be somewhat surprised to hear quite different proposals on a sudden. I should not be at all astonished to hear that they had murdered him. A red Republic is a far greater danger to the *République* of honest people than the hostile army can be; and this perhaps will be appealed to, to maintain social order in the Capital of Civilization. After 2000 Gardes Mobiles had given up 300 bad guns the

Prussians were very well received, and Sèvres begged for a garrison.

In Paris gas-lighting ceases from to-day, and water is only to be had at fixed hours; all the railways are interrupted. The Bois de Boulogne is full of beasts for slaughter, and from our position at Meudon and St.-Cloud we could fire upon them at any moment. The promenades of the beau and the demi-monde have ceased, and the Parisians have to-day had no milk in their coffee. How long they can hold out remains to be seen. Henry, of course, is flourishing; he has all the pleasant part of the campaign. He dines royally, and has a capital grand piano at his service in the evening.

If Guste only takes care to keep the rooms warm, I think it must be delightful now at Creisau, where the leaves are turning red and yellow. The rain we have had will have been good for the turf and plantations, and I hope that every thing is green about the chapel. I am glad that Wilhelm the gardener has remained; in spite of Fritz' recommendation, I should have been sorry to spare the gardener where so many great sacrifices were

made. August and Ernst are quite well. One of the young horses has a very bad throat, but I have put a horse into harness—one of about ten thousand taken at Sedan—who goes very well, so I take a drive every day in the pleasant sunshine.

I only hope that it is as fine with you since the harvest is over. But there is always something to do in the country, and Geheimrath Gellhorn never likes to spare the farm-horses.

This is the fourth letter I have written; the one lost perhaps may be found again; one mail was certainly interrupted at Verdun, and will perhaps be published in *Figaro*, so that you will read your letters after all. Do get “Kladdera-datsch,” it is extremely amusing just now, and I figure largely in it. To conclude, my affectionate greeting to the girls, to the Gellhorns, Reichenbachs, and all friends.

HELMUTH.

Versailles, October 12th, 1870.

DEAR ADOLF,

Your letter of the 4th of this month came safely to hand, but I would not write till Helmuth

was released from his very exposed outpost close to the Seine, at Meudon, just outside Paris.

Yesterday he marched in at the head of his regiment and the tallest man in it, and will be here for a fortnight. The King at once asked his name. He is very well, and looks splendid with his iron cross. He enjoyed a capital breakfast with me most uncommonly, after having had to remain unrelieved at his post for three days.

We are in the unpleasant predicament of having to allow ourselves to be fired at without replying, for our 4-pounders are of no avail against the 74-pounders of the forts. The siege-train, above 100,000 hundredweight, cannot be brought up very fast by the only line which has but just been restored. If any movement is seen, even of the smallest group of men, the forts fire their gigantic shot to a distance of 6000, 7000, nay, from Mont Valérien, 8000 paces, with great precision. It is great waste of ammunition, when you consider that firing one shot costs 93 thalers. As chance will have it, a shell hits sometimes, and we thus lose about a dozen men daily, besides others killed by chassépôts at from 1000 to 1500 paces.

This of course has not the smallest influence on the outcome of the campaign. Nothing makes Paris so furious as our attempting nothing. Victor Hugo writes: "Nous avons cru voir arriver Arminius et nous ne voyons que Schinderhannes."

At the same time, now that we must limit ourselves to investing the city, we have entered on a very tiresome stage of waiting. Starving-out is a slow process, as Metz shows, but it leads to the end. Every sortie hitherto has been repulsed. Nor are we altogether idle in the open country. The hopes of Paris are centred on the Army of the Loire, which was said to be really advancing. Well, this army was yesterday broken up, and Orleans is occupied by us. To-day we shall be on the other side of the river, which, as is well known, no hostile force has ever crossed before. The Government in Tours must find another abiding-place.

Will this unhappy country discern at last that it is conquered, that its condition is worse every day? But I have no doubt that news of a victory is even now being published. It is certainly note-

worthy that the *Gaulois*, instead of a leader full of lies, published a letter from a French officer who has the courage to tell the French the truth. You will see it in an early number of our Berlin papers. The situation cannot be more accurately depicted than it is by this intelligent and well-informed soldier.

That a grand sortie from Metz was again repulsed on the 9th you will have learnt before this can reach you. Matters cannot go on so there much longer. It is a hard trial of patience for the besiegers; harder still for the besieged. The persistency and endurance of the French must be acknowledged; it is partly the result of its seeming to them quite incomprehensible that they can be defeated; and yet the superiority of the Germans has been proved in every fight, even when the French had the advantage in numbers, as on the 10th of August, and here outside Paris. The whole operations of the invasion could not, of course, be carried on without a decided numerical superiority on our side—the simultaneous investment of Metz, siege of Strassburg, and march on Paris. The Emperor's foolish advisers, praters in

the Chamber, and heroes on paper, should have begun by ascertaining what was the true significance of United Germany.

The Republican authorities in Paris dare not put the question to the country. In the snuff-box of an emissary a decree was found, signed by Favre and Gambetta, which prohibits the election of a constitutional assembly, fixed for the 16th of the month by their colleague Crémieux, and blaming his prejudiced proceeding with terrified caution. Thus there is no prospect of any constituted authority in France with which any serious negotiations may be opened. It is indeed reprobate conduct to deceive the nation by persistent lies as to the state of the country. If Paris holds out till the stores of food are really exhausted, the situation may become frightful to think of. Even if peace should be concluded and traffic fully restored, how can supplies for two million souls be thrown in, even with our best efforts to help? The environs of the huge city have been cleared of food for ten miles round [about forty-seven English miles], and the railways have all been broken up in places by the *Franctireurs*. It would

take months to repair them where they have been blown up. The only road which we have so far been able to re-open, we use for our own supplies. It is frightful to see the havoc made by the mob in power, and laughable too. In the fine roads which lead to the capital, the pavement has been torn up and trenches dug across, but then we drive at the side on the wide avenues. The noble oaks and chestnuts have been dragged away to form abattis, the tall arches of the viaduct lie in ruins in the river-bed. These barricades would have had some sense if they had been defended, but the Francvolours have all made off, and their devastations checked our advance guard but a few hours, and the army not a single day in its advance. We everywhere found our pontoon bridges laid by the side of the ruins of the solid masonry which the French had blown up, and which it will cost the country millions to restore. The villages about Paris consist for the most part of delightful villas and châteaux. The residents were compelled to turn out, and those who would not go had their houses set fire to. The soldier, of course, forces a door when he finds it locked,

the cellar to find food and wine, the cupboard for a cloth or a plate. So in many places the havoc is serious, while order reigns wherever the inhabitants have resisted this tyranny, or where officers of higher rank are in possession of the quarters. Here in Versailles, for instance, you might think that perfect peace reigned if it were not for the roar of cannon from Paris. All the shops are open and French industry already can show different portions of the Prussian uniform for sale. Jewellers and watchmakers are not afraid to display their costly wares. Orders from headquarters are stuck up at the street corners forbidding anyone to ride on the footway, or to smoke in the galleries, and in the fields the farmer ploughs and sows without a fear that his horses will be seized. The requisitions and billets are, no doubt, a heavy burden, and everyone wishes for a speedy end of all these calamities.

I not least ; and I often long for the restful silence of the Chapel hill. News from that peaceful home comes like a gleam of sunshine in the endless stir and agitation, and painful expectancy in which we live here.

It is a pity that you should have to leave Creisau and disperse to the various ends of the earth; but it must be cold now at the foot of the Eule, and it seems to me that you should remain till about the end of November in our warm sunny quarters at Berlin, where there is so much that is interesting to see, for Augusta and the girls both. The whole house is entirely at Guste's disposal, for Henry and I are not likely to return soon. There, too, you have all the earliest news. If fortune favours us, you can remain there till the troops march in. Thus, it seems to me, you should postpone your move to Lübeck definitely till next autumn.

When you have spent the winter in Switzerland, Creisau is really lovely in the spring, and everything will be ready for your reception there. Double windows and heating apparatus make the house habitable quite early, and we go thither as soon as may be from Berlin. I must now conclude with affectionate greetings to all relatives, and our friendly neighbours.

HELMUTH.

Versailles, October 27th, 1870.

It was with great pleasure and sincere gratitude that I received the good wishes from home: Adolf's letter closed with the wish, "May Bazaine celebrate the 26th by the surrender of Metz."

So it has come to pass: the capitulation—but for some quite unforeseen accident—is to be accomplished at 5 o'clock to-day.

Before these lines can reach you, the telegraph will have announced the great news, and 101 guns from the Lustgarten will proclaim it to Berlin. A hundred and fifty thousand more Frenchmen will be made prisoners, and the strong fortress of Metz falls into our hands. Nothing of the kind has been seen in the world since the Babylonish captivity. We need an army now to guard our 300,000 prisoners.

France has no longer an army, and yet we must wait till the Parisians, who are raving in delirium, give up this hopeless resistance. I should not wish to be in a hurry to adopt the last cruel alternative of a regular bombardment.

The sorties, so far, have been wrecked on our

outposts ; they have never got so far as our main positions. But pursuit on our part is out of the question, and we are losing men daily from the fire from the forts, which fire haphazard, with an incredible waste of ammunition, at a range of 8000 paces, above three quarters of a mile [about three miles and a half English.] Every shot costs 6 thalers [about 13s.], the great marine steel shells as much as 93 thalers [about 10/.] ; and with from sixty to a hundred rounds they kill three, five, to twenty of our men, as chance may direct. Part of our lines lie within range of infantry fire, and we are careful to take off our caps before peeping over the top of a wall or a breast-work. Every attempt at relief from outside has been defeated and dispersed, but the Government still spurs on the hapless population in the provinces, by lying reports and patriotic bombast, to make fresh efforts, which have to be suppressed by the destruction of whole towns. The audacity of the Franc-tireurs must be punished by severe reprisals, and the war is assuming a horrible aspect. It is bad enough when armies have to tear each other to pieces ; but to set nations against each other is

not an advance, but a lapse into barbarism. How little a rising of the masses, even of so brave a race as this, can do against a small but disciplined force should be seen with all its consequences by our liberals, who preach the arming of the people.

So long as there is no real authority in France, recognized by the nation, we have no alternative but to continue the devastation of war to a still increasing extent.

New clouds are forming on the political horizon in consequence of attempts at mediation. It is incredible, but true, that Count von Beust has not profited by his recent defeat, but persists in playing with fire. He had better beware, for we are in a position to turn play into earnest. But he will no doubt think better of it.

The 17th Regiment of Dragoons was fired at by volunteers on its return to St. Quentin and thirty-five men were wounded. Wilhelm is now before Mézières, of which the siege was begun yesterday.

Helmuth has been feeding up here for the last fortnight, and is now at the outposts; he came here yesterday on leave by special command from

the King. I went out to see him to-day, with Henry, to take him some food, wine and cigars; he is perfectly well. Henry has been promoted and transferred to the 60th Regiment, where he is soon to have a company; till then he remains with me.

You no doubt are by this time all in Berlin, where it is at any rate less raw than at Creisau. The winter here too has set in early, and the trees are almost bare of leaves already. Happily our men are all under roofs, excepting the outposts; there is no lack of fire-wood, and the food is excellent.

I hope you are all comfortably lodged, Adolf especially, on the sunny side of the house. The situation may quite possibly be clearer within the next few weeks, and before you set out.

I believe that almost the safest plan is that, as before, no one should sleep in the house; the sheep dogs will keep guard. I fancy you will remain quietly at Berlin through November; there is no severe cold before Christmas.

It is quite true that the *étapes* at Stenay allowed themselves to be surprised—a company

and a half—not from Mézières, but from Montmédy. Destruction of telegraphs, removal of rails, and disasters on the line are constantly going on, with consequent shooting of the guilty and levying of fines from the nearest villages. In reply to a private enquiry in Guste's letter, I will give Henry his brother John's gold watch at Christmas ; it goes capitally ; I always meant him to have it after my death.

Count Brockdorf has been taken prisoner, and carried beyond Orleans to the south of France. From what Colonel Wright, the commander of his regiment, writes to me, he is well treated. No prisoners have as yet been exchanged, and no exception can be made in favour of an individual. Peace, it is to be hoped will soon release all. I beg Guste to say this to Frau von Bülow who wrote to me. Count B. is engaged to her granddaughter Loën.

October 28th, 8 in the morning. A telegram just come from Metz ; the fortress has capitulated, three Marshals, 6000 officers, in all 173,000 men prisoners, only 16,000 sick.

HELMUTH.


Versailles, November 23rd, 1870.

DEAR ADOLF,

Sister Augusta writes that you are to set out about the 28th of the month. This may perhaps reach you before you start. I have not written for some time.

When one has lived for months haunted day and night by one single idea, it becomes a perfect torment, and yet it is difficult to shake it off. After Sedan and Metz it may have seemed to you in Berlin that all was over; but we have been having a very anxious time. The greater part of our forces are detained round Paris, and the obstinate endurance of Bazaine's army—though he is now proclaimed a traitor—hindered the earlier advance of fresh troops. Meanwhile, the terrorism of the Provisional Government has contrived to work on all the good and bad qualities of the French nation—their patriotism and courage, their conceit and ignorance. Surrounded as we are by hostile bands of armed men, within the circle we have had to face desperate sorties, and treachery and surprises from without.

Now, when the whole French army has migrated,



as prisoners, to Germany, there are more men under arms in France than at the beginning of the war. Belgium, England, and America supply them with weapons in abundance, and if a million were brought in to-day, within a few days we should have a million more Frenchmen to deal with, for the terrorists drag every man, up to the age of forty-six, from house and farm, from home and family to follow the flag. That such a mode of warfare is an atrocity to the country, and inflicting its deepest wounds, is the last thing that troubles them; their first object is to secure their own power in such a way that the nation dares not question its legality. It cannot be too often repeated that we have granted full liberty of voting—the freest election, indeed, that France has ever known—even in the districts we occupy, even without an armistice and unconditionally. From the standpoint of common humanity it can only be wished that proof should be afforded that the firm determination of a whole nation can make it impossible to conquer them, that an army of the population, a “Volksheer,” such as our liberals insist upon, is sufficient to protect it. The German

standpoint is indeed opposed to this ; and we hope to prove that the rising of a nation, even with inexhaustible resources and such patriotism as the French, cannot hold its own against a brave and disciplined army ; and the cosmopolitan and philanthropist may comfort themselves for it, in the case of a recklessly provoked attack and war.

Now we have assembled our forces and accept the challenge. Something definite will probably have occurred by the time this letter reaches you. But only merciless severity will enable us to gain our ends. Fouqué tells of a knight who went about to defend and help, but everyone fled before him, because, wherever he appeared, great misfortunes were sure to follow. And so it is here with the towns and their protectors, the National Guard and the Volunteers. The inhabitants of a fortress cannot complain ; but when a town is nearly destroyed in the fruitless efforts of its defenders to hold it against the enemy, as was the case with Châteaudun and others, it is barbarity on the part of those protectors. Those towns which are so lucky as to have none are very well

off. We have restored the railways and canals in Rheims, in order to convey coal to 40,000 factory hands ; the vintage, which is very abundant, has been gathered safely, and the champagne trade is in full swing. Here in Versailles all the shops are open, the market overflowing with provisions, and the farmers ploughing in the fields. Beyond our outposts, however, lies a wilderness, created by the French themselves, of deserted houses, ruined villas, burnt palaces, and hewn down forests. But the great fact is that an armed crowd is very far from being an army, and it is brutal to lead such men into battle. The war is ever growing more bitter and hateful. No one could long more for peace than I do, but I would never agree to a peace which, after such sacrifices, failed to ensure the existence of Germany.

Much depends, however on Germany herself. The debates in the Reichstag will be very interesting when the subject of South Germany comes under discussion.

I have only good news to give you of our relatives. Wilhelm and his squadron have at length joined the regiment, and are stationed to-

day in the neighbourhood of Chartres. Helmuth is with the outposts near Paris, but will be relieved in a day or two. Henry and I look him up from time to time and take him some provisions. I beg that Augusta will not worry herself about any small outlay; we have all we require; I have saved and laid by sufficient for the young generation, and we old people need not stint ourselves.

It does not matter that you should have been unable to hear beforehand of a *pension* in Switzerland. Switzerland is so thoroughly arranged for the reception of visitors, that one can always find suitable quarters. I can recommend Beaurivage—not in but below Lausanne on the lake—and more particularly the Hotel du Parc at Lugano. The journey may be a little longer, but think of German comforts under an Italian sky! It is worth much to be so near the enchanting lakes of Lombardy.

It is useless to make any plans for the future, but I hope that when the war is over, the King will allow me to rest for a while.

Henry has just returned from the outposts,

having seen Helmuth, well and cheerful, engaged upon the trenches.

HELMUTH.

Versailles, December 22nd, 1870.

DEAR ADOLF,

I received a postcard from Wilhelm dated the 17th. He writes from Ouzouer, near Châteaudun, and says, "We have been fighting every day since the 2nd of December, with the exception of two days of rest. The cold in the bivouacs was really frightful. I am glad to say, however, that I am quite well, thank Heaven. The ground is so soft now, that it is almost impossible to get along, indeed some of the horses stuck fast and had to be shot. The poor beasts are of course worn out in consequence, particularly as food is scarce. But mine are all well except the mare, which had to be shot."

His mare, the beautiful one I gave him at Nicolsburg, had to be left behind ill at Rambouillet. Well, the great thing is that the rider himself has remained unharmed. The 4th Division of Cavalry has performed wonders throughout the

first half of December. Gambetta says, in some correspondence which has been captured and was certainly not arranged for the public eye, "Nous n'avions que la 17 et la 22 division devant nous, tout au plus 60,000 ; nous avons 200,000 et nous ne pouvions pas avancer." The truth is, General Chanzy was driven back in great disorder beyond Le Mans, and is now probably gathering the fragments of his army together in the entrenched camp at Conlie, where, for the present, we do not intend to follow him. Wilhelm will, therefore, in all probability, have a longer rest in the neighbourhood of Chartres. The troops have much need of rest.

Yesterday, with great expenditure of material, the French made another unsuccessful attempt to break out. Like hens who proclaim by their cackling that they have laid an egg, the Parisians announced their intentions by a furious cannonade from all the forts. In the morning, a movement of the troops against the position of the IVth and Vth Corps was at once seen to mean hostilities. The preceding evening, our reserves had already been ordered to the real point of attack on the

north-east. There, three whole French divisions began the attack, and were driven in at every point. By the evening we had retaken every outpost, even the most exposed, and now I am curious to see the next victorious bulletin from Paris.

Helmuth has been stationed at the outposts for the last ten days, and I have driven out several times to take him provisions. Yesterday, the forts threw 300 shells of the heaviest calibre into the ground occupied by the Vth Corps alone; the result was one wounded fusilier. These people appear to derive a special pleasure from making a great deal of noise from behind a safe shelter, or else they must want to get rid of some of their ammunition.

I have no news yet from Helmuth, but should have heard, had anything happened to him. However, he must be relieved one of these days, and then he can come here for a rest.

The universal longing for this terrible war to end, makes those at home forget that it has only been going on for five months. They hope everything from a bombardment of Paris. That this has not yet been done, they attribute to a delicate

consideration for the Parisians, if not to the influence of personages in high places, while we only think of what is most possible and practical from a military point of view.

I have had this verse sent me by three separate persons :—

Guter Moltke gehst so stumm
 Immer um das Ding herum,
 Bester Moltke, sei nicht dumm
 Nach doch endlich Bum, Bum, Bum.¹

What it means to attack a fortress in which an army lies ready to defend it might have been learned from Sebastopol ; Sebastopol only became a fortress during the siege, all the materials could be brought up by sea, the preparations lasted ten months ; the first storming cost 10,000, the second 13,000 men.

To bombard Paris, we should first have to hold the forts. Nothing has been omitted towards the employment of this forcible measure, but I look for far greater results from a slower but surer agent—hunger.

We know that for weeks, only a few gas lamps

Good Moltke, you always go about things so quietly. Worthy Moltke, don't be stupid ; do at last go bom, bom, bom.

have been burned in Paris, that, in spite of the unusually early and severe winter, scarcely any of the houses are heated, as there is an absolute dearth of coal. A letter from General B. to his wife, which was captured from a balloon, gives the following prices—a pound of butter 20 francs, a fowl 20 francs; une dinde, non truffée, bien entendu, 60 to 70 francs. He describes a charming little supper: “herring with mustard sauce; then a delicious little filet de bœuf dont on faisait fête. Paul, le cuisinier avait fait des bassesses pour l’avoir, il a promis au boucher M. et Madame M. un sauf conduit pour un des forts, pour tâcher de voir les Prussiens.”

These confidential communications between man and wife do more to show us the real state of affairs than any amount of newspaper reports, which always exaggerate on one side or the other. Famine is not yet within their walls, but its forerunner, high prices, is. The Rothschilds and Pereires can still get their “dindon truffé,” the lowest classes are paid and fed by the Government, but the entire middle class has long been starving. Such a condition of things cannot continue for any

length of time. It is true that this is assuming that we shall beat all the armies that are continually being freshly collected against us. But only the Advocates' reign of terror can succeed in getting such armies together—badly organized, without trains for supplies, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather; even without ambulances or surgeons. However patriotic and brave they may be, these unhappy creatures are incapable of contending against our well-organized, gallant troops. The hardships in the bivouacs are decimating them mercilessly, and the wounded lie by hundreds by the wayside, wholly uncared for till they are found by our ambulances, on whom the French fire. The franc-tireurs are the terror of all the villages, on which they bring ruin.

But enough of these horrors! God grant a speedy and satisfactory issue to it all—and of that I have no doubts. If I am spared till the end of this war, I should like to go straight to Gastein. When the daily strain on the nerves is removed, they break down, and Gastein has been specially recommended to me for the winter. From thence I could easily reach Riva by way of the Brenner

Pass, and we might perhaps meet. I hope that your girls are good climbers, and have at least gone as far as the little Protestant (Calvinist) chapel on the way to Glion, from which you have such a magnificent view of the Lake, the Rhone valley, and the Dent du Midi. Augusta is probably unequal to the climbing, but the road is quite level all the way to the Château of Chillon. Give them all my best love. I wish you all possible enjoyment of that delightful place. I hope you took maps of France with you, and that you have subscribed for the German papers. There is nothing to be got out of the French ones, while our official reports are always to be relied upon. With best wishes.

Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Versailles, February 3rd, 1871.

Who would have thought, dear Adolf, that you in Switzerland would find yourself, so to speak, at the seat of war; and yet I suppose that by this time the greater part of what was Bourbaki's army has sought refuge in this neutral

territory—thus relieving us of the trouble of guarding them. You will have learned from the papers that a three weeks' armistice has been proclaimed. We occupy all the forts, and Paris itself is now merely the great prison in which we guard the captive army. No armed Frenchman may leave it, nor one of us go in.

Meanwhile we are turning the ramparts and the guns of the forts on the town, and if the truce does not end in peace, we have it in our power to reduce the proudest city in the world to a rubbish heap, besides once more stopping the supplies, which are now allowed. As all the French armies are now defeated, and we occupy a third of the whole country, we might expect to see some signs of yielding; but the French are so entirely under the dominion of tall talk, that one can answer for nothing. A dozen violent orators could persuade the whole National Assembly to the most extravagant measures. Gambetta's last edict is a proof of this, wherein, in opposition to his colleague Favre, he harps on the old string about the foreign barbarians and war *à outrance*. If only the rest of the wandering members of the Govern-

ment join him, we shall soon have two governing bodies, and then twenty—which means none at all. In fact, the country is threatened with anarchy. We must therefore be fully prepared for a continuation of the war, and the exasperation of our men—already bad enough—will rise to a frightful pitch.

Henry will have told your wife that things are not nearly so bad at Nanteuil. “A rough and bloody trade is war.” Fancy that Helmuth arrived with his company after a long march, foot-sore, hungry and frozen. He had the good luck to find quarters in a beautiful villa. After a time the provision column arrived, and nothing was wanting but a fire at which to dry and warm themselves, and cook. Wood there was in plenty, but the rich proprietor had influence in high places, and had obtained an order that not a tree should be felled. Could one take it ill of the men that they cut up a few armchairs and pianinos?

My health keeps up wonderfully; however, when the strain is over I suppose I shall have to hurry to Gastein. I have my game of whist now every evening, since things are quieter than during

the first half of the campaign. It has a very soothing effect before going to bed. Henry sends his love to you and yours, as does your brother

HELMUTH.

Versailles, March 4th, 1871.

DEAR ADOLF,

I safely received your letter of the 19th from Clarens, but there was so much business on hand at the moment—some of it of a very difficult nature—and the situation was altogether so uncertain and strained, that I could not make up my mind to answer. Since then the preliminary peace has been ratified, but in such hot haste that our troops could only spend twice twenty-four hours in Paris. However, it was sufficient to have performed an '*acte de presence*.' The King's Regiment, which had taken a prominent part in the siege, and had been brought by rail from Orleans, only had time to join in the parade yesterday at Longchamp in the Bois de Boulogne. Helmuth is well. We only saw one another in the distance; his battalion is to be quartered here to-day. Wilhelm marched to-day to Rouen from near Lisieux, on the left bank of the Seine. You

have every reason to be proud of both your boys. They have behaved well ; and by the mercy of God have remained unhurt all through this bloody war, though placed in the exposed positions that usually fall to the lot of the younger officers. Henry is very well and extremely popular with all his fellow-soldiers. He acts as my adjutant and looks after my house-keeping and accounts.

The definite conclusion of peace cannot be expected for about two months. Till then we shall continue to occupy the whole country east of the Seine and the forts round Paris. At present we can only discharge the Landwehr, and still retain half a million of soldiers in the country.

The Emperor remains with the army for a fortnight longer, in order to review the troops. He has to be in Berlin for the opening of his first Reichstag. I trust that the Commander-in-chief may not have to stay behind, but that I too may return to Berlin about the 18th of the month. I am put up for election for the districts of Haidekrug and Cleve-Geldern. The Reichstag and the return of the troops will probably keep me in

Berlin till the summer, before I can go to my beloved Creisau, where I would wish to spend the few remaining days of my life. I cannot thank God enough that I have been spared to see the end of this great world-historical war. "The Lord's strength is in the weak." But I shall only really rejoice over our success when everything is over. How often it has seemed as if all were going well (as at Metz and Sedan), when suddenly something has occurred to open up the whole question afresh. We are having the most delightful spring weather, like early May at home. The little shrubs are growing green already and I daresay that in a fortnight the cherry trees will be in blossom. And then the wonderful surroundings of the splendid capital! but covered, alas, with the remains of burnt dwellings, ruins and hewn down woods. But the people are already beginning to build it up again, and the wealth of the land is such that all traces of the calamities of this war will have disappeared in a few years, if they can only get a strong Government. But I do not see how any government is possible—and particularly in France—if there is to be full freedom of speech and of the

press. The greatest danger now for every country lies, I suppose, in Socialism. The relations that are springing up with Austria I consider very good. Like Austria formerly, France will of course snort for revenge; but when she recovers her strength she is more likely to turn against England than against the mighty Central Power that has been formed in Europe. England will then reap the fruits of her short-sighted policy.

On the 15th of April I removed to the new head-quarters for the General Staff, for the furnishing of which his Majesty has granted 12,000 thalers more; there will be plenty of room there, and I hope that you will spend the time between your return and your final establishment in Lübeck, with me. I must close with best love.

HELMUTH.

Ferrières, March 11th, 1871.

DEAR ADOLF,

I hope that you arrived safely at Arco.

The entry of the victorious army into Berlin will take place in the first days of May, and you can be present at it; I think Ludwig will probably

come too. I see indeed by the papers, that you are standing for the 6th Holstein district against a Herr Jenssen. Should you win, you would then have to be in Berlin by the beginning of April (after a fortnight's leave, to be obtained from the President), and you could stay with me.

After to-day's conferences, I consider the last important differences as to the interpretation of the preliminary treaties to be removed, and am much relieved. Till now I have had no real satisfaction in the whole business.

I hope you had a really pleasant trip on the Lake of Como, the finest of them all, I think. How the girls must have enjoyed the oranges; what we get here are unripe stuff, but the second year's fruit is excellent.

I suppose you saw the very interesting town of Trent on the way home. I advise you to make a tour from Botzen (splendid Dolomites in the distance) to Meran—at Sterzing you will find good quarters for the night at the Elephant Hotel—then over the Brenner, spending a few days at Innsbruck (Castle Amras).

Your letter of the 2nd from Lugano (is it not

lovely?) reached me while I was still at Versailles. I hope that you approve of the conditions of peace. Belfort is quite French.

You were very lucky in your journey over the Simplon. Did you notice the gigantic ivy on *Isola bella*?

The Vth Corps will leave no permanent contingent in France. It will be sent home after the peace has been definitely concluded, and the first milliard paid. You will then most likely see Helmuth in the summer at Creisau, as Leignitz is so near.

As far as our news goes, all our family are well and hearty—Helmuth on the march to Dijon. Henry joins me in love to you and yours.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 21st, 1871.

DEAR ADOLF,

We regret to find from sister Augusta's letter of the 17th that illness still detains you at Lugano. Fortunately you have comfortable quarters there, and I beg you most earnestly not to hurry your departure. Even if you receive a mandate to the Reichstag, which opens to-day, I

do not advise you to come before the Easter recess, which will fall early. It is sufficient if you inform the President that you have fallen ill on the journey. Here we have frost and ice at night, and fires in the day-time. After having had some warm days, we have a touch of winter again, which no doubt reaches beyond the Alps ; but there it is sure to turn mild and fine again soon.

Henry and I have returned safe and sound, but the peace is hardly yet to be trusted. As you must have seen from the papers, Paris is at this moment entirely in the hands of the insurgents. If the Government does not soon get the upper hand with them, and if it is true that the troops of the line are fraternizing with the rebels, France will fall a victim to anarchy. As yet they have not been able to take the matter from the right side. As far as we are concerned, the *Assemblée Nationale* is official France. It is the most freely elected assembly that ever was elected. The rural population and the landed proprietors are amply represented. If they give in to the Paris mob and foreign agitators, they betray their country, and only another military dictatorship could

restore France to what she was. Meanwhile we remain there with 600,000 men, and only send the Landwehr home. Yesterday, fifty-six years ago, Napoleon I. landed in France from Elba ; it would have been like his nephew, if, under the existing circumstances, he too had performed an "acte de presence." He, however, landed yesterday at Dover.

God be with you and restore you to health, dear Adolf. My best love to Augusta and the girls. Do not miss seeing Villa Carlotta (Sommariva).

HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 31st, 1871.

DEAR ADOLF,

Till I received your letter of the 28th, it was not possible to give you any direct news. A fortnight ago I telegraphed to you at Arco that Jenssen had triumphed by a small majority. I thought you would be glad to know as soon as possible how you stood. Now you can at least wait in peace on the other side of the Alps till the warm weather comes, and I assure you it is

abominable here. I am only sorry that your reason for a lengthened stay at Lugano should be such an unpleasant one ; however, as soon as you are a little stronger you will be able to enjoy the beauty of the home journey all the more. Only do not move till you are really convalescent. We shall be delighted to receive you at the General Staff, but I hardly think I shall be able to move in before the beginning of May. The offices are nearly all removed, but the Chief's residence is not ready yet. When we shall get our troops home, it is impossible to say. The Guards and the Vth Corps were already on their way back, when they all had to halt, and only the Landwehr was sent home. It is a great trial for us as well as France, to have 600,000 men stationed there. But with the deplorable weakness of the Government one must be prepared for everything ; at any rate she has no credit, and no one will lend her the sum, without which we will not leave, so long as Paris does not surrender. On this account we have consented that 80,000 men should assemble at Versailles. But that little chattering Thiers still thinks that by proclamations and phrases, and

without shedding of blood, he can reform those ruffians who have declared the Assemblée Nationale to be dissolved, have impeached its members, and threaten shortly to drive them out of Versailles. The man's vanity will not permit him to transfer the power which he does not know how to use into the hands of a capable general, without which measure there is no depending on the troops. Thus it is when dillettanti come into power. Only a dictator can bring the affairs of France to a satisfactory issue, and he would have to begin with wholesale slaughter in Paris. If no dictator can be found, civil war and anarchy are inevitable. We all send our love, and wish you a speedy convalescence, and fine weather. More details later on.

HELMUTH.

(Last letter to his brother, who died at Lugano on April 7th.)

Creisau, September 15th, 1871.

DEAR AUGUSTA,

. . . How often we recall Adolf's last visit here, and how much he enjoyed it. Altogether, it is very consoling that the evening of his completely spent life should have been so peaceful. He must

have been satisfied and happy, not only with the results of the great events he was still spared to see, but particularly with the conduct of his two sons, who, by God's grace, were preserved from all harm. To expire so peacefully, surrounded by his loved ones, was indeed an enviable end, such as one could only wish for after a long career like his, in which every duty was faithfully performed. We all send our best love, and I remain with the most heartfelt wishes, yours,

HELMUTH MOLTKE.

Berlin, August 5th, 1874.

DEAR AUGUSTA,

It was a comfort to me to see the body of my brother Fritz once more yesterday morning; his face was so composed and peaceful, with the look of an honest man. He died in his sleep, as it would seem, like his brother Adolf, without a struggle. During his last illness, he begged me to attend to the carrying out of his last will. I have opened it in the presence of our relatives, and have acted on his instructions.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 26th, 1874.

Many thanks, dear Augusta, for the very excellent portrait of my brother Adolf, with his familiar but suffering expression. It recalled him to me most vividly. I have only loving recollections of him, no discord ever marred the harmony of our relations, one could not help being fond of him. I have obtained a very good enlarged picture of my brother Fritz, and one of Marie too. They have all gone before me, because, I suppose, God was satisfied with them, and their life's work was accomplished. Yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 7th, 1875.

Herewith, dear Augusta, I send the children the ten thalers they wished for. I possess only two pairs of boots, and all the clothing we could spare has already been given away here, where the distress is so much greater and assumes a far more terrible aspect than in the country. The demands upon those who have anything to give away are proportionately greater.

I try to the best of my ability to help the people

on my estate by arrangements for the general benefit of all. Small gifts to individuals are very apt to go to the wrong person, and to relieve them of the duty laid on them by God of providing for their own families by harder work and greater economy. Poverty and distress are necessary elements in the scheme of life,—what would become of the whole social system if this stern necessity did not force men to think and work? We all send our love, and wish you a happy Christmas.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, November 16th, 1890.

DEAR AUGUSTA,

Many thanks for the picture of my dear mother. By a curious chance the enclosed letter came into my hands at the same time, containing a touching trait of her kindness of heart.¹ Pray

¹ Eppendorf, November 9th, 1890.

HOCHGEBORNER COUNT,

Just now, when every heart is rejoicing over your Excellency's ninetieth birthday, I was reading a little memoir to my grandfather. In this it is stated that Moltke's parents were living in 1807 at Augustenhof. By my grandfather's desire I take the liberty of relating a little incident that occurred at that time.

return this letter, for I should like to give my sister Lena the pleasure of seeing it. Lena and you are the only two survivors who knew my mother. I sent a hearty reply to my unknown octogenarian foster-brother.

With renewed thanks, your old brother-in-law,

HELMUTH.

My grandfather, Frd. Th. Mau, was born at Augustenhof on August 3rd, 1806, where his father farmed the dairy of the estate. At the New Year 1807 the farm buildings and a barn were burnt down. It was at first supposed that this had resulted from some carelessness of my great-grandmother's, in melting down lard (twenty-four pigs had been slaughtered the day before); it turned out, however, that the fire was the work of a malicious workman. My great-grandfather lost heavily—almost everything—in this fire; but the kindness of your Excellency's father helped him up again. He remitted half the rent and the value of the burnt corn. My great-grandmother fell very ill in consequence of the fright, and was unable to nurse my grandfather, a very delicate infant only a few months old. Here, too, the great kindness of your Excellency's mother came to the rescue; she herself nursed him for three months, and so saved his life. The sponsors named on his certificate of baptism are Major Frd. Victor von Moltke and Bernhard Paschen.

My grandfather has often related this incident, and now, in his 85th year, is a strong, sturdy old man, who, with his whole family, esteems himself happy to thank your Excellency once more for all the kindness which your Excellency's late lamented parents showed to him and his parents.

CHARLOTTE MARTENS.

III.

Count von Moltke's Letters

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG.

(1828 to 1888.)



LUDWIG VON MOLTKE.

LUDWIG VON MOLTKE, the Field-Marshal's fourth brother, was born in 1805. The circumstance of his parents being obliged to change their place of residence several times during his boyhood may, perhaps, be the reason why, as a lad of fourteen, he was sent to the house of a connection, Herr Ballhorn (Privy War-Councillor), to attend the Friedrich-Wilhelm's Gymnasium, or College. Frau Ballhorn, his father's sister, did her best, by faithful care, to fill the place of his mother, and her gentle loving-kindness won his affections and undying reverence and gratitude.

At the age of seventeen, Ludwig was confirmed in the Church of the Trinity, by Friedrich Schleiermacher. The teaching of this illustrious man had a decisive influence on his subsequent

development. In 1826, he left the college with excellent testimonials of ability, and went to study law at the universities of Kiel and Heidelberg. Of the many incitements to study which both towns afforded to his natural aptitude for learning and art, the strongest was that exerted by Professor Thibaut, of Heidelberg. This distinguished jurist not only assisted the young son of the Muses in his studies, but invited him to his house, where Ludwig's remarkable musical talent was encouraged and cultivated by the practice of classical works. After passing a brilliant examination at Kiel in 1831, he worked for some years in Schleswig, first in the Landesgericht, and then under the Government. At this time he became engaged to Fräulein Marie von Krogh (spoken of in the letters as Mie), the daughter of Geheimrath von Krogh; ¹ they were married in 1838. In 1841, having an official appointment (as *Amtmann*, or governor), at Fehmarn, he moved to Burg, where he lived for eight years in the quiet exercise of his functions, to his own advantage and that of the little island he governed. There two sons and four daughters were born; both the boys unfortunately died young.

The disorders of the years 1848-50 made his duties more difficult; he held himself bound by his oath of allegiance, and maintained his post

¹ Ober-Forst and Jägermeister.

in the face of the rebellious population of the Duchies. He was therefore called away from Fehmarn in 1850, and only reinstated in office in 1853, as council (Rath) to the Lauenburg Government at Ratzeburg. This position he still held in 1864, and continued in it after the little province had become part of the kingdom of Prussia, till he retired, in 1868, from failing health. He now devoted his leisure to renewed study, but more especially to music, for which he had a passion. Numerous compositions were the outcome of these hours, as delightful to others as to himself.

As he grew old, he suffered much loss in his family circle. In 1866 he lost his wife, his worthy match in her high-minded views and superior gifts of mind. Two daughters died of lingering consumption; another left her home as a happy wife, and yet another as maid of honour; so that one alone remained with her father. But his firm faith triumphed over these and other trials. When he closed his eyes in eternal peace on August 22nd, 1889, his children could say that his course on earth had left a track of light; it was not, indeed, glorious with immortal fame, like that of his greater brother, but bright with the honour, respect, and love of all who had known him.

Though a stern sense of duty and unwavering loyalty were the foundations of his character, their transfer to the Prussian sovereign was made

easier to him by the part he played in the resuscitation of his native country during the wars of 1866 and 1870-71. As a patriot, he rejoiced in the glory of United Germany ; as a man, in the successes which the nation so largely owed to the brother he ardently admired and loved. He was so much accustomed to make way for him in all humility and modesty, that this slight sketch of his life would have seemed to him too insignificant, as to subject and matter, to find a place in a volume dedicated to the splendid career of his brother.

COUNT VON MOLTKE'S LETTERS
TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG.

Oels, August 24th (1828).

DEAR LUDWIG,

Although you say at the end of your letter that you have changed more than the world about you, it seems to me that you are in many respects just what you always were. For one thing, that you still think of me with affection, and again in your steadfast bent towards the study of *Jus*, to which, however, something must be jus' wanting when a man has to study it for its own sake, as has been your case for so many years. You yourself know how much more interesting learning becomes to us by application to the real circumstances of life, and I dare wager that you would study criminal law with far greater zeal if you

were sure that, within a year, you could apply it to having a man broken on the wheel or beheaded. It also seems to me that in my beloved native land, of which I cannot help being fond; abstract learning is much less highly valued than practical skill, knowledge, and judgment; and as I credit you with these, even more than with learning, I should almost advise you to try your fortune here. I know, of course, that Ithaca is fairer than any other land; but I can honestly say that I would not go back to my old position for any consideration, and have never yet regretted making the move hither. So far as I can gather, there are here capital prospects for a man who, having studied law, has taken up some special subject—forest-law, for instance. But, of course, an examination is insisted on, dear Loui. And you must not give up the fiddle and the piano; how much I should like to hear you play again.

I am now quite well-to-do; we might live very comfortably together in Frankfort or Berlin. I have to spend some months in each of those places. I have a great dislike to Berlin; how

much I should prefer to settle in Frankfort, where I have lived so pleasantly these last few years. But it lasts for only four months, during which I can only study and ride. It is not easy to be known in society there.

Here I am going on very well. My hosts are kindness itself. I do not know whether it is sheer vanity which makes the society of superior people so attractive to me. This much is certain that nowhere can less arrogance be seen than here, and that people are more than commonly courteous when they have a historical past and a splendid name. The Kospoths are connected with all the princes and magnates in the country. The day before yesterday we went to a harvest home with some of their relatives, and we danced in the barn and had great fun. That I am happy you may be sure, as I have been writing verses. I will send them to you all hot, as they have just flowed from my pen, as soon as I have told you that the young countess left home yesterday with her friend, a girl of whom she is very fond, that she is to be back to-day, and that we have often swung them together in the same swing.

Räthsel

Ein Bild des Lebens ist's, des regen Lebens,
 Das aufwärts bald uns treibt und wieder abwärts strebt,
 Das wie des Herzens Hoffen, wie unflühtes Sehnen
 Jetzt sinkt, jetzt steigt und schwindelnd hoch uns hebt.
 Es trägt Euch unter Blüthenzweige. Staunend
 Schaut über Wald und Flur der Blick.—Es schwebt
 Auf Sturmeschwingen fort.—Doch in dem Augenblicke,
 Wo Ihr am höchsten steht, zieht's wieder Euch zurücke.
 Und wie ein rastlos Herz durch Freude, Hoffnung, Bangen
 Führt's doch am Ende nur, von wo Ihr ausgegangen.

Dort sah ich jüngst zwei liebliche Gestalten,
 Sie waren ineinander eng verschlungen.
 Die Arme auf der luft'gen Bahn umrungen,
 Schien eine stets die andere zu halten.

Ein leichter Raden trug sie auf den Bogen
 Mit flatternden Gewändern, wall'nden Haaren;
 Und wenn es nicht zwei holde Engel waren,
 So hätten Engelsbande sicher sie umzogen.

Durch die Drangenreihen blick' ich wieder,
 Der Himmel hüllt uns rings in Wolkenschleier.
 „Sie sind getrennt schon!“ rauscht der Pappeln Wehn,
 Aus klauen Augen fallen Thränen nieder,
 Ein Strahl nur aus des Abendrothes Feier
 Scheint mir ein Bild von bald'gem Wiederschn.¹

¹ The verses are a transparent enigma as follows:—

An image this of life, uncertain life,
 Tossing us skywards and then downwards tending—
 Of hope, of varying hope and fond desire,
 Which drags us down or lifts to giddy heights.—

I must now tell you of a terrible adventure which befell me. Lately, as I was coming home, my servant made the preposterous demand that a waggon with a fine team of oxen should get out of his road. The beasts were not at all inclined to accede to so monstrous a request, and the amiable brutes ran at him with such effect that the paper on my plane table, which my valiant henchman

It leads you into leafy shades. Amazed
The eye looks down on wood and plain. Aloft
Upon the pinions of the storm you fly
Till, at the highest, suddenly cast down.
Or, like a restless heart, you are led on,
Through joy, hope, fear—to end where you began.

But lately two fair forms I there beheld
Clinging together in a close embrace.
Their arms entwined, each seemed the other's guide
And partner as they went their merry way.
A fragile bark bore them across the waves
With flutt'ring robes and loosely streaming hair ;
And if they were not angels, as they seemed,
Angelic love had surely linked their hearts.

I look again beyond the orange grove,
Clouds gather round us now and shroud the sky
“Alas for they must part!” the poplars wail.
From those blue eyes the heavy tear-drops fall ;
Yet, from the sunset glow, a radiance smiles
The promise that they soon shall meet again.

very cleverly used as a buckler in this tilting bout, was accurately divided into two triangles, making two drawings instead of one ; the compass was a ruin, and the work, which was almost finished, had to be copied all over again. For a week I have done nothing but plan roads, build houses, and plant trees without end.

Now adieu, dear Loui.

Berlin, November . . . 1828.

Your welcome letter, dear Ludwig, reached me at Briese, where my stay was prolonged till my return to Berlin. Well written as it is, and full of interest, I cannot be wholly convinced, by the reasons you adduce, that it is better for you not to come here. It almost reminds me of what Falstaff says of reason and blackberries.² However, I cannot try to persuade you to take a step where, as I cannot deny, there are so many difficulties in the way ; and the man who fails of the fortune he has run after is certainly ten times more dis-

² "If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion."—F., "King Henry IV.," Pt. I.

appointed than he who waits for it to come to him.

In spite of your contentment under the rule of the Skjoldings, I perceive by your sighing that you are not quite happy about its legal institutions. "Law and rights are inherited like hereditary disease ; they are handed down from generation to generation and silently spread from place to place." But if Lübeck law and Danish law, and Christian V.'s law and Waldemar's law, and Jutland law and Heaven knows what other law are equally law, your hair will stand on end with law.

However, dear Ludwig, if you think that by strenuous industry you can have done with work in a few years and then be free to do what you will, believe me, you will lose the enjoyment of those years only to buy a few others when you are past enjoyment. Do not rush into extremes. Between Gaius and the pandects play a few of Rode's variations, and if possible turn the pandects into rhyme. For you seem fully to have recognized how imperatively and seriously necessary it is that we should make our own way in life. The time soon passes during which a man looks out on life

as a landscape, and a fair one, where all that is loveliest, though unseen, lies, he knows, behind the mist which still veils it. But to cross it he must choose a road; and once started, no return, no deviation is possible. Onwards, then, and God grant that our ways may sometimes run so near that from time to time we may clasp hands.

I often go to the play. I saw yesterday a performance of *Don Giovanni*; only think, for the first time. Fancy yourself in the splendid opera house. Not a seat is vacant, not even the last seats to close the gangways. Spontini, the king of harmony, appears in the conductor's chair, his hair elaborately curled; he looks about him, sees all in perfect order, raises the ivory wand, and the grand overture bursts out—now a broad stream flowing on, solemn and calm, then swelling and rising to a torrent which only such an orchestra can give out, then thundering like a cataract which sweeps everything before it. The overture is loudly applauded, Apollo and his companions aloft express their approval, and Wauer comes forward as Leporello. Blume presently follows, elect by nature to play *Don Juan*, with Madame Schütz,

who puts enough passion at any rate into the part of Donna Anna. Bader is the Ottavio, so you may imagine the divine duet "Dein Gatte wird Vater dir auch sein." The queenly Milder, as Elvira, joined her voice to the other two in the incomparable trio of Masks, and to crown all, Schätzel was the Zerlina. You will have read of her in the papers. I like her better than Sontag. In short it was admirable throughout down to Gern (junior) as the Sbirro, and Blume had to reappear and bow to the shouting crowd after the devil had fetched him away.

You would find Berlin much altered if you could see it. The amount of building is incredible; I will take you through long streets and squares, till you will hardly be able to guess where you are. I greatly miss the society which I so thoroughly enjoyed during the last two years of my stay in Frankfort. Perhaps, too, because I there played a more important part, for *qui brille au second rang s'eclipse au premier*. I do not frequent Court circles; I never did but from vanity, to feel that I had been there; now I am wiser and so more contented.

P.S. November 15th. Apropos, go out to Nienhof one day, with Wilhelm or Adolf; you will be affectionately received and make some very pleasant acquaintance. The society of the landed aristocracy of Holstein is, I think, the pleasantest to be had there. Our nearest neighbour was a Count Reichenbach, the owner of the hereditary estates of Goschütz. He had there an admirable Kapellmeister and some excellent musicians; he made all his household employés, vassals, etc., practise as an orchestra, and often performed operas in a magnificent music-room. I have heard the *Berggeist* there and *Jessonda*.³ The part of *Jessonda* was sung by a Countess Götzen, who had such a voice as is rarely heard.

I must now close, for I am quite stupefied with much writing. Adieu, dear Ludwig. Yours,

HELMUTH.

No date (Early in March, 1829).

Vom Opfer der Atriden im gildnen Opernsaal

Git' ich zu deinen Freuden, du stilles Rosenthal.

(From the sacrifice of the Atrides in the gilded

³ Operas by Spohr.

opera-house I fly to thy delights, peaceful vale of roses.) Or, though not to the poetical land of the vine and the troubadour, to my own snug little room, where I try to conjure up such poetical ideas as a second lieutenant can invent without the aid of wine. Now let me tell you what has happened to me since I received your letter this afternoon. After seeing five acts of a French play in less than two hours, I hurried off to B.'s to give as little offence as possible by my late appearance. However, I was there early enough to arrive before the play began, and to see "Trau, schau, wem!" a piece in which I myself rehearsed any number of times some years ago, which fate has condemned me to see on every amateur stage, and which I could repeat by heart backwards. The piece plays at least two hours; the interval is still going on; and how long the second piece will play Thalia only knows, and she may have my place to see it. I have got myself into my sky-blue dressing-gown, and am munching a crust of bread and butter with a sigh of relief. I had no mind to be verse-making there, I can tell you.

How much more delightful is the society of

your thoughts; and I thank you sincerely, dear Loui, for writing to me so unreservedly, irrespective of our difference in age or of the bent which education and circumstances have necessarily given our characters. This, however, only refers to you. As I had no education but thrashing, I have had no chance of forming a character. I am often painfully conscious of it. This want of self-reliance and constant reference to the opinions of others, even the preponderance of reason over inclination, often give me moral depressions, such as others feel from opposite causes. They were in such a hurry to efface every prominent characteristic, every peculiarity, as they would have nipped betimes every shoot of a yew-hedge, that the result was weakness of character, the most fatal of all.

And this is associated with an innate element of sensitiveness, of scorn of the ignoble, nay of pride, which has often carried the frail vessel out on to stormy waters, where it has obeyed the caprice of the waves rather than the compass; it is the most reckless rider that ever spurred a weary steed to a daring leap, and then fallen

shattered by its collapse ; it is the fire of an air balloon, that one moment carries it to the clouds, only to fall into unknown depths.

If there is anything complimentary to myself in this, it is not meant so. How I envy almost every other man !—sometimes for their very faults, for their sternness, indifference, and rectitude—and this brings me back to you.

That you should get plenty of amusement out of society in the midst of your studies, which I know you steadily pursue, I think quite right. You yourself objected to Chesterfield, of whom I know a little, on the ground that he is principally useful where he is least used. In my experience, flattery is always well received when it comes from the heart ; if it does not, it must at least be ingenious. Dullards and lovers are content with good intentions, coquettes insist on the performance. The worst to deal with are *passées* beauties, but one takes care not to get into that dilemma. But flattery may also be one reason why such stupid men are often successful in society. I am reminded of some lines by one of my comrades.

Da tritt ein alberner Junge mit vielem Lärmen ein,
 Die Andern verstummen Alle, man hört nur ihn allein.
 Er faselt von seiner Stute und vom Trakehner Pengst,
 Und wie er mit einer Kugel zwei Hasen schoß unlängst.
 Er sprengte im letzten Jahre zweimal im Bade die Bank,
 Sein Vater hat zwei Majorate und liegt gefährlich krank.
 Da wenden die Augen der Damen sich schmachtenb nach ihm um :
 Er erbt zwei Majorate und ist so göttlich dumm !

I am now reading, with the greatest pleasure, Heine's "Reisebilder," of which I told you. They are quite admirable, and full of wit and talent. It is a great pity that the author's individuality is not more pleasantly revealed, for his utter atheism and equal vanity and discontent are unmistakable.

28th. I am just setting out for Frankfort ; a case with almost all my possessions is already gone, and I no longer feel at home in my little room. So my thoughts have gone before me, and that makes letter-writing difficult. I am very glad to go back to Frankfort, partly because I am known there, partly because the spring is very pleasant there in the midst of endless orchards, partly, too, because it is again a change. At the end of May I shall be out on survey again, either at Posen, or in Swedish Pomerania. I

am travelling to Frankfort, *extra post*, with Studnitz, but it is very difficult to get there ; the mail from Breslau was upset five times on its last journey. The snow is still five feet deep, and I only pray that the Oder will wait till I am safe in Frankfort before it carries away the bridges.

Now, adieu, dear Ludwig ; I wish that, instead of writing, we could for once have a good talk. Till then, however, do not forget this, the only way of communicating with me ; and though it is sad to have to transmit one's thoughts by panting horses instead of winged words, not to get an answer till you have forgotten the question, and still more, to speak of past and present when the writer's present must be the recipient's past—in spite of all this, and the fact that this transmission of ideas costs six silver groschen for freight, it is the only means of communication, so I beg you make diligent use of it. Farewell, dear Ludwig, so arrange your life in Kiel that your good spirits, industry, conscience, and verse-making go hand in hand. If you go home, greet them all from your very loving brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, January 13th, 1830.

DEAR LUDWIG,

It is certainly a bad business to be compelled to finish a piece of work within a fixed and limited time ; and I need not say so to you who, by Michaelmas, neither sooner nor later, must not only have amassed a considerable quantum of legal knowledge, but have so pigeon-holed and ticketed it as to be able to bring out and display the required article at any moment, were it the oldest stock in the shop. Thus, and perhaps worse, is it with my letter, which shall be written to-day, neither sooner nor later, though not a single pen will mark, and my thoughts will wander from the matter in hand, as I am interrupted every instant.

. . . . It does one good every two or three years to feel once more that there is such a place as home ; although, to tell the truth, the story of little Töffel always recurs to my mind ; for some folks can never quite forget the old Töffel, however hard the new Töffel may try to improve on him.

Here is something that occurred to me in the

coach, but the person who speaks is by no means to be identified with the author. You must find out for yourself who it is.

Ihr tabelt mich, daß ich oft störrisch schweige,
 Der glatten Welt die düst're Stirne zeige,
 Daß ich nicht so, nicht tief genug, mich neige.
 Den düst'gen Scherz, Ihr wollt's, soll ich belachen,
 Toll, welche Qual, wohl selber Späße machen,
 Wenn mir der Sinn so voll von ander'n Sachen!
 Und Ihr habt Recht! Man wird es bitter tabeln,
 Daß ich das Flache, Niedrige nicht adeln,
 Daß ich wie And're oft nicht denken kann,
 Daß ich der Tonkunst göttlich hohes Walten
 Zu hoch für seichten Spott wie Lob zu hal'en
 Mich dreist erkühnt.—Wahr ist's, ich hab's gethan!
 Allein, ich wollte Niemand damit kränken,
 Kann dieses Herz nicht immer klüglich lenken.
 Und wie sie hart dagegen auch verfahren,
 Das inn're Heiligthum, ich will's bewahren.
 Glückselig wohl, wenn sich ein Wesen findet,
 Das mich versteht, das eng sich mir verbindet.
 Und kann's nicht sein—o laßt mit mir vergeh'n,
 Was außer mir doch Keiner mag versteh'n.

Farewell, dear Loui, remember me kindly in your thoughts, and when you have time and inclination write to me from your cosy room, among your books under the lamplight. With sincere affection,
 yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 7th, 1831.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I received the few lines from you enclosed in or rather enclosing mother's letter, and read them with much pleasure. It is a sad pity that we are each stuck so fast to our respective little clods, and that the ideas which arise so easily in familiar intercourse have first to be painfully put into words, and then still more painfully, not to say illegibly, committed to paper. How I should enjoy such a chat with you one evening, as we had last winter in Kiel, but, for the present, that is out of the question. As regards myself, I am saving up the proceeds from my scribbling to buy a horse in case of war. As I ought—supposing I am on the General Staff—to have five, I leave it to Heaven to discover where they are to come from. Even in peace I require three, and I have only written enough for half a horse as yet.

It amuses me very much when any little articles of mine are in the magazines, to watch the faces of the readers at Stehely's. They would hardly recognize your obedient servant in the worthy author, for these children of my fancy, or rather

of my necessity, are all running about the world unfathered. If peace continues in this beautiful world, I shall *camminare nel giardino dell' Europa* and see Rome and Naples—that I am determined on.

You, I suppose, are preparing yourself with all your might for the perilous risks of a Danish examination. In this respect, his Danish Majesty is much to be envied. As the duties there of the County Court and the Government often fall to the share of one person in the shape of some “right honorable” (*sic*) magistrate’s secretary; as the State pays its servants so incredibly little, and yet—by reason of the competition—may require of them such an enormous amount of talent and knowledge, it ought to be able to have none but Cannings and Pitts for its assessors and referendaries. I hope with all my heart you may get through this purgatory quickly and successfully.

I have been wandering about here for the last week in the character of a royal, Prussian, exceedingly lengthy topographer, with another officer, the only examples of our species. The office being broken up, all my colleagues have returned to their

garrisons, and my friends being thus scattered to the four winds from Nimmersatt to Trier, I find myself almost reduced to my own agreeable society, which, between ourselves, I could wish were more agreeable.

One of the greatest pleasures of Berlin is the Museum, which has only been opened since you left. I would spend an hour there daily, if I had not to be at the office of the General Staff every day till 2 o'clock. I shall not describe the outside of this magnificent building; it has been lithographed, engraved, painted on tea-trays and embroidered in beads, till one could fill the entire Museum with good and bad pictures of itself. Should you, however, as an uninitiated person, care to glance into this palace full of the wonders of ancient and modern art, let me invite you to mount the broad flight of stone steps to the gigantic colonnade, where the first thing you will notice is the change in the appearance of the Lustgarten. This square, where the recruits used to stand in long rows balancing themselves on one leg, is now laid out in regular grass-plots, surrounded by iron railings and wire-fencing, and

intersected by broad paved walks. In the middle stands the fountain, from which an immense jet of water, driven by a forcing-engine at the Werder Works, is to spring. At the foot of the steps is the pedestal for a colossal vase 24 feet in diameter, made of a single block of stone. It is the largest known, and a machine worked by steam has been cutting it for two years. The long rows of poplars were dug up in the winter and planted in a thick group in front of the cathedral, in order to hide that hideous building, which looks more like a Casino than a church. Even old Dessauer marched over one fine night from the Lustgarten to the Wilhelmsplatz. The other brave generals must have been much surprised next morning to find a sixth in their party, and he the inventor of the iron ramrod, whose patent was fifty years older than their own. How particularly embarrassing for poor Schwerin to be standing there, in such an exceedingly unorthodox costume, his pigtail all untied, sandals instead of gaiters, and no trousers at all. But the old Field-Marshal still holds the flag in his hand, as he did when he so gallantly stormed the Austrian batteries,

and when only the fourth bullet that struck him brought him to a standstill—or rather to a lie-still—but could not make him yield.

But I forgot that I had left you standing at the door.

It is by such a flight of steps and through such rows of pillars that one ought to enter a hall like the one before us. It is of the height of two storeys, and finally rises above the building in a splendid cupola. Floor and walls are of cement, inlaid with mosaic. Half-way up, a gallery runs round it, supported on pillars of yellow marble. The light falls from above upon a great circle of antiques, which had lodged till now under the ruins of the Camp Vaccino, in half-buried baths, or at the bottom of the Tiber; for Mother Earth was the Museum in which these art treasures sought refuge from Vandalism till they awoke once more to the light of day in these wonderful halls. Meanwhile these high and mighty Olympian dignitaries had suffered severe losses in the matter of their divine arms and legs during their 2000 years' incognito underground, and it was highly necessary to set

them on a modern footing by supplying them with the missing noses, ears, fingers and so forth. And Kronos, the mighty monarch, even after being repaired, is but an emigrant reinstated in his titles; for what relation indeed can there be between these old gods and the new world which wonders at them? The crowd sees little beyond the hewn stone, looks up in the catalogues the sum paid for it, and cannot for the life of it understand how they came to put those beautiful smooth feet and arms on the yellow, mouldering torsos. On the other hand, if Aphrodite were to meet one of our charming Berlin ladies with gigot sleeves that make her double her width, and stays that cut her in half, her hair dressed *à la chinoise*, her boas, shawls, etc., would she not say like the Indian when he first saw a European, "Is that all you?" In our law-abiding country, Pan would be carried off to Straussberg for a vagabond, or made to enlist in the Landwehr as of doubtful origin, and Diana arrested in any forest for infringing the game laws. What with duties and the excise, Bacchus has almost become a stranger with us, or has, at least, been brought into disrepute by the

dreadful productions of "Mont-vert" on the Oder. Though his cult is still kept up, his most ardent worshippers come, all too frequently, in collision with the police, long scores, watchmen, and other calamities. Even Ceres has been brought so low by the existing corn prices, and particularly the malt-tax, that if the potato crops did not make up for everything she would get no credit anywhere, not even with Privy Counsellor Thaer⁴ at Möglin. Our young people know more of the Messenger of the gods than is good for them, but he may consider himself lucky to have found such a comfortable berth here, for, under the present postal system, Herr von Nagler would never have entrusted even the most unimportant office to his care.—I would gladly have taken you up to see the pictures, which interest me still more, but we must leave that for another time. Good-bye.

HELMUTH.

Berlin, January 12th, 1832.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Many thanks for your letter of the 9th,

⁴ Thaer, a celebrated agriculturist, who had a model farm at Möglin, near Wrietzen.

which I received to-day ; but first of all, let me congratulate you heartily on your accession to office and dignity. Though it is no doubt most ungenerous of the State to ask you to give your services for nothing, it must always count for something that you should be able to advance in your profession without leaving home. I hope that you may speedily be chosen councillor, for your King perhaps pays better for advice than for work.

With regard to my translation of Gibbon, I have a proposal to make to you ; that you should share the trouble and the proceeds of it, always supposing that your new circumstances leave you any time over for your own occupations, and that you care to employ it in such work. In the event of your accepting, I must first remark that the work is not of my choosing, but was formally offered me by Fincke, the publisher, who wrote to me, after I had sent him the two first chapters as sample translations : “ My offer is based on the opinion that it is of more importance to you to produce a work which will further the interests of learning than to receive a large sum for it. If the book is to find readers, the chief points to be considered are a low

price, an attractive appearance, and the speedy publication of the entire work. Under these circumstances, and after the most careful calculations, I find that I am in a position to offer you the sum of 500 thalers when the book comes out, and a further sum of 250 thalers after the sale of 500 copies, which sum, as I am well aware, is not in any way equivalent to the magnitude of the labour."

The chief drawback to our both doing it would be, that the publisher objects to a translation by two people, as interfering with the unity of the style. This would, no doubt, be difficult to achieve by two writers, but not, I think, impossible, and for the following reason. Gibbon's style is of that nature that one's best plan is to render it literally, even to the division of paragraphs. The striking affinity between the English and German languages makes this quite feasible, and thus the two parts of the translation will be very similar, because, to express myself mathematically, two quantities that are equal to a third are also equal to one another. To make this similarity quite perfect, we should only have to agree upon certain details. For instance, Gibbon employs an over-

flow of adjectives, the outcome, as I take it, of a profound knowledge of his sources. From these he derives the characters of the persons he refers to, but this is not evident in his text, and as all the readers of Gibbon have not Gibbon's learning, the epithets are often unfamiliar, and seem contradictory, and rather weaken the effect than otherwise. Such adjectives I have taken the liberty of omitting altogether, and in fact, have made it a general rule not to translate anything which appears obscure or doubtful. In conclusion, such frequently recurring terms as officer, lieutenant, company, when alluding to the Romans, must be translated by "Befehlshaber, Legat," etc., and the English measurements and currency done into German. In this way, I think there will be no visible difference in our work.

Now as to the disadvantages of the undertaking, they are firstly, secondly and thirdly—the loss of time. With the magnitude of the task always confronting me, I have translated hitherto (since the New Year 12 chapters, over 600 pages) with a certain nervous rapidity, and have arrived at the conclusion that by exerting the utmost diligence and speed—unfortunately more than is prudent—

a volume may be finished every four weeks (I of course take into consideration that one has other business to attend to), which would bring the work to an end, supposing it were possible to continue at that rate, in a year. As to difficulties, to be frank, I have so far met with none. Although my whole acquaintance with the English language was gained by a four months' course of lessons and the reading of a few novels, I translate more easily from the English than the French, which I think I know pretty well. The relationship between the two languages assists one so much, that one need hardly read the sentences through, the German ending fits on so easily to the English beginning. I might almost say that with the translation it is more important to know your German thoroughly than to literally understand the English I mean, one must have the construction, turns and idioms of the German language at one's fingers' ends. As to the English, I am convinced, from what I saw when we were together, that you know ten times more of it than I do, which is neither meant as a compliment to you, nor can be, after what I have already said.

The translations which I have to refer to are one by Wenk, 1788, continued by Schreiber, and one by C. W. v. R., 1789. A complete translation of the whole work does not exist. The latter serves me as a dictionary. It is a literal translation of the words in their original sequence, and therefore very convenient for my purpose, but otherwise unintelligible. The other is a freer and better translation, but the German is often very bad and the style always clumsy. However, it must not be forgotten that, in fifty years, the constant development of the language would be sure to make a German book sound awkward and unfamiliar.

Any other difficulties, drawbacks or "buts," I am happy to say, I have not found. Should these not frighten you away, you can take for your share whichever part interests you most. I should be very pleased if you happened to choose the part relating to the laws, as that would present great difficulties to me, which I should probably be unable to overcome without assistance. All the books, the original and the translations, that you cannot get where you are, I can send you ; and at

the same time a chapter or two of my own translation, because similarity is more important than superiority. From what the publisher promises, you will see that the pay for each part would be about 60 thalers, which might after all be an inducement to you, as you are making nothing at present. If all turns out well, let us follow in the train of the Goths and Vandals and fix a rendezvous in ancient Roma, who after her "Decline and Fall" still is the queen of the world. My longing to go there increases with every chapter, and I shall not rest until I have made that journey.

Two free copies of my "Internal Condition of Poland" have been sent off to-day to the booksellers in Kiel and Schleswig, from whom you can get them.

Good-bye, dear Ludwig. Think over my proposal and tell me what you decide. I should be very glad to come into communication with you by these means, and to have your assistance in a work that is almost too much for me. Yours,

HELMUTH.

The following letters only begin again after his return from Turkey.

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG.

131

Berlin, April 8th, 1840.

DEAR LUDWIG,

The changes in the army, of the 30th, have not resulted in my having to leave Berlin, so I have made myself a little more at home. I now repeat my invitation to you to spend a few weeks here.

My apartment is one of the pleasantest in Berlin, and you shall have your own room and a separate entrance. In front of your window you have the beautiful "bowling green" with flowering shrubs, into which they have converted the Leipziger Platz since you were here. The Potsdamer Thor is only 50 paces off, and the really much improved Thiergarten, which is decking itself with green for your reception, is in the immediate neighbourhood. If the weather is bad there is a riding-school just at the back of the house; and if it is fine, you can have capital Arabs and ride out. Fifteen cabs stand ready under your windows from morning till night, in case you prefer to drive, and at the Struve Establishment you can get every kind of mineral water just as good as at its own source

The Royal Library is open to you, and there are theatres and concerts in plenty.

I shall probably be put upon the General Staff of the IVth Army Corps one of these days. Prince Carl of Prussia, who is at the head of it, lives here in Berlin. Yours,

HELMUTH.

My address is : Leipziger Platz, No. 15 ; it is in the Fürstenberg Riding School, ground floor, right-hand side.

Berlin, March 19th, 1842.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Although I am looking forward to seeing you soon here, I cannot put off thanking you for your kind letter of the 8th. I am extremely pleased to hear that you like your official post. I understand it perfectly and envy you for it, for that is one of the chief conditions of happiness. How I should like to see you established some day in one of the old castles—Cismar or Travendahl, with Mic,⁵ the picture of a *dame chatelaine*, and the little ones, whether boys or girls. We poor

⁵ Pet name in the family for Marie, née v. Krogh, Ludwig von Moltke's wife.

military men never have such prospects. I could sing with the Jubel lieutenant :

“For twenty years of thrashing empty straw,
I have earned 17 thalers, 25 groschen.” ⁶

How gladly would I settle myself under your jurisdiction on a little farm, at Stocksee or some such little estate. But these are dreams that one puts off and puts off till suddenly there is an end of all things. We are carried along by the force of circumstances ; we think that we drive, and we find that we are driven.

It surely is not right of you to put away all thought of poetry for years to come. For poetry is only possible “while the world is seen through an airy veil—when every bud conceals a wonder, and every vale is filled with blossom, when we have nought and yet enough—we thirst for truth, yet delight in illusion.” ⁷

⁶ So hab' ich 20 Jahre leeres Stroh gedroschen
Für 17 thaler 25 groschen.

⁷ Wenn Nebel noch die Welt verhüllen,
Die Knospe Wunder noch verspricht,
Wenn man die tausend Blumen bricht
Die jedes Thal uns reichlich füllen :
Dann hat man nichts und doch genug,
Den Durst nach Wahrheit und die Lust am Trug.

But illusion passes away and truth becomes sterner, till at last one becomes so sensible that one ends by throwing all one's youthful enthusiasms overboard as mere moonshine. My translations are purely matter of fact; all that is necessary is knowledge of one's own language. As translations yours are inferior to mine, but as poetical conceptions they stand immeasurably higher. They may not be true to the original, but are always works of art, and certainly deserve to be added to and given to the public.

However, the technical difficulties in the way of translating from English into German are great, and in the case of Byron often insurmountable. This lies in a certain deficiency of beauty in the English language, which however becomes of advantage to it in its predominance of monosyllabic words (some Frenchman has called English *le chinois européen*). It is generally impossible to reproduce in a German line of five or six words, the sense of an English one of double or three times that number.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to the approaching family congress. Only once before in

our lives, at Eutin, have we all met together—as we can never do again, one of us having been already called away. We cut our names in a beech, which I could find again at any moment. God grant nothing may come between. I received a letter from my father a little while ago, in which he tells me he had been threatened with a stroke. He had to be bled at once, but seems to have quite recovered. Yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, December 9th, 1842.

DEAR LUDWIG,

You have our deepest sympathy in the severe loss which you and your dear good wife have sustained. Only time can soften the first bitterness of your grief. May the rest of the children soon recover. . . .

My father complains very much in his last letter about his rheumatism. When he was here in Berlin he was so well and in such good spirits that we were delighted. I very much hope that he will come to us next year on a long visit. We get on with him capitally, especially Marie, who has

the charming quality of never taking anything amiss, as it never occurs to her that anyone should suspect her of wishing them ill. Marie is a wonderful little woman. It is impossible not to get on with her, she is "perfectly tempered,"^{*} and fits into her new circumstances admirably. She has been presented at Court by a lady of high rank, and made her *début* in society yesterday. It is too early to say whether she will please; at all events, she is very elegant. Her equable good-humour is inexhaustible. Though you are in grief, dear Ludwig, it will please you, I am sure, to know that we are happy.

If your business permits of it, you really ought, for your poor wife's sake, to come to us this winter. I could send a carriage and horses to meet you at the Meckenlenburg frontier. Do not hesitate to bring the children with you, we have room for you all; and think what a pleasure it would be to us.

In faithful affection, yours,

HELMUTH.

^{*} In English in the original. English words are not unfrequent.

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG.

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Berlin, April 13th, 1844.

DEAR LUDWIG,

This year we have a grand Review at Halle, so that I cannot get away till October. After last year's experiences, I dare not go to the Baltic or the North Sea for baths at that season, and that is why I thought of Nice, where I could bathe in the winter. Another plan was to go to England in October, where one can still take sea baths, especially in the Isle of Wight. We should take that opportunity of seeing London and something of old England. I cannot say yet which of these plans, or indeed, if either of them can be carried out, and I find it very hard to choose between the palm groves of Aquitania and the art treasures of Britain. Marie would probably prefer England, and of course we could only make this expensive journey so long as there are no children, who would either have to be left behind, or make it still more expensive for us. One can always manage to get to the South, and I think we might some day go together to Switzerland, and to the orange gardens of the West. Next year we shall be able to travel by rail from

my door to Zurich, into the heart of the Swiss Alps. Even now, one can go in a single day from here to Zwickau by Leipzig and Altenburg, a distance of fifty miles [about 234 English miles], for a few thalers. In three years there will, in all probability, be an unbroken line of railway from Kiel by Hamburg, Berlin, Frankfurt, Breslau, Brünn, Vienna, Triest, Venice, Milan. This is no chimerical prospect, the line is partly finished, partly in process of construction. Ninety miles [about 491 English miles] of it can already be used. That is what we are doing in Germany. While the French Chambers are still engaged in discussing the matter, we have laid down three hundred miles of railway and are working at two hundred more.

Amongst the latter is the Hamburg-Berlin line, to whose board of directors I belong. The greatest difficulty that we have still to contend with is the Danish Government. It wants to force us into keeping along the Elbe and through Lauenburg, which would cost us two million thalers more than the route we had chosen by Schwarzenbeck. There is some talk of a deputation to Copenhagen, in

which I am to take part, but the matter may yet be settled by diplomacy. Meanwhile we have begun the line in Heaven's name, and intend it to be finished in 1846. We shall look forward to a visit from you then, if not sooner.

I wish you could spend a few weeks with us at some time. I am sure you would like our house. The balcony is a great comfort. The bushes are beginning to sprout, the fat chestnut buds are opening, and in a week the fruit trees will be in blossom. Does the sun ever shine where you are? I cannot imagine Fehmarn, except with the foaming waves beating against it, and wrapt in a cloud of hail and sleet. And yet I can quite well believe that you can be very happy there, and I would change places with you without a moment's hesitation. It must be a great pleasure to you to have your island in such good order, to make roads, administer justice, and ride about the country hunting foxes. I suppose it is not always the same as on that day, when we had to hold on to the bathing-machine as we were going down to the water. When the limes are in blossom in Burg, and the sun sinks into the sea, your island kingdom

no doubt looks quite pleasant, and at any rate your home affords you all the comfort that the country cannot.

The want of literary or artistic intercourse must be a great privation. Have you not even a book-society for getting new things? I must buy Herodotus—a pity I did not have him with me in Asia. In that respect, I was in the same position on the banks of the Euphrates as you are on the shores of the Baltic. You ask about my literary productions. Besides a few contributions to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, I have written an article upon railways, and have just finished a description of the Russo-Turkish War of 1828. The manuscript has been submitted for approval. But it is very difficult to find a publisher for military works. They have such a small circle of readers, and are so expensive on account of the necessary maps which accompany them, that one gets very little for them. If I make a tour in the autumn, I shall, no doubt, gather materials for a short book. Travelling always rouses my desire for writing, which is apt to slumber in every-day life. Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG.

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Berlin, December 25th, 1844.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I received yesterday your pleasant letter of the 18th, so it is but fitting that I should to-night—in spite of the echoes of Christmas revelry—send good wishes for your birthday, and a post-horn full of good news to the sea-washed town which you and yours seem to have grown to, as a snail grows to his shell. That is, in fact, a good thing ; and I understand it in you, since you have there found suitable employment, and wield your ruling trident with success over the Obotrites who inhabit your island. But Mie, I should have thought, would have climbed now and again to the highest summit of the island, to gaze at the beech groves on the mainland, her soul “seeking her native land.” But a wife’s native land is home ; *ou est-ou mieux qu’au sein de sa famille*. I believe too, that in time one ceases to be seasick when the island rocks in a violent storm. Besides, there is every likelihood of Fehmarn being frozen in this winter, so that you will easily skate across to your nearest neighbours on the mainland—Ehlersdorf, Cismar, and so on. I am glad that the mild climate of Fehmarn should have tempted

some families thither from Holstein—besides the young preachers, who, like iron, pervade all nature, even to meteoric stones—to establish themselves under your sceptre, for I had been wishing you had some society. If, after all, you would like to exchange your governorship for the post of Major in the Royal General Staff of Prussia, cedo *Majorem*—which means I will give you my place and take yours, all the more readily because you will ere long be enthroned no doubt at Travendahl, Gottorp, or some other castle in pretty Holstein, where you will like yourself exceedingly. I should like to take you round my room to see all my Christmas-boxes; there is not a more splendid sight in the two hemispheres (He here enumerates several presents, and gives a description of the opera house at Berlin, then just re-built and re-opened.)

Berlin, February 5th, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Capital news from you has just reached us.
A Moltke at last! How the old father will

triumph! But not even for the christening can he travel in this severe weather, and for the summer he has unfortunately planned a long tour to Marseilles and Nice. A thousand congratulations to you and Mie. We shall all of us certainly take to our hearts this single man-child of our numerous race, and help him forward in life to the best of our power. I have none but good news . . . Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, May 30th, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

It was with sincere sympathy that we received to-day the news of your little son's death. It seems as though our name and race were not to be perpetuated. How truly we feel for your grief and poor Mie's! Adolf's lot, indeed, to lose a child at the age of seven, must be a harder one. God keep your girls. You tell me that Mie is to spend the summer at Nyegaard and Wedelsborg with the little girls. Then, instead of remaining all the time alone and lonely in dismal Fehmarn, I have a plan to propose to you. An opportunity

seems to offer for your making a journey to Rome, at no cost, and I hope pleasantly. The case is this : The Adjutant of Prince Henry of Prussia, the King's uncle, who has been living in Rome these thirty years, has died suddenly in consequence of a fall out of a carriage. I am one of the candidates proposed to the Prince to fill the vacant post of Adjutant, and as I have excellent recommendations, it is possible, even fairly probable, that I shall be appointed. The names are already sent in ; the decision must come in about three weeks, and if I am selected I must set out in the beginning of July. I propose to make the journey by sending on my own horses and carriage as far as Dresden by easy stages, so as to accustom them to the work. I shall follow in a few days by railway. From Dresden, where the country is pretty, I shall go on, eight to ten miles a day [from about thirty-seven to forty-six miles English], by Prague, Linz, Gmünden, Gastein, over the Alps, through Lombardy, to Venice, Perugia and Rome. This will take about six weeks, but it is the pleasantest way of travelling. You can stop where you please, and take a day's

rest at the finest points—and there are many on this journey.

Now I offer you with all my heart a seat in my carriage; we will occupy the box seat in turns, it is very comfortable, and you have the best view from it. My journey will be paid for, so that it will not cost either of us anything. The return journey will take you three weeks *viâ* Ancona, and by steamboat to Trieste. Then 60 miles [about 280 English miles] by railway through Vienna to Olmütz and Hohenmauth; by railway again from Dresden to Magdeburg, and from thence by steamer to Hamburg.

By my calculations this excursion cannot cost you more than 100 thalers, which you would consume at home in three months. But if the whole undertaking seems too much for you, you can make St. Mark's on the little square at Venice the goal of your journey, or stop on a snowy peak of the Alps, or wherever else you may be attacked by home-sickness. After all, the whole scheme is quite uncertain. If nothing should come of it, stay with us in Berlin till we go to Ems, and we will set you down at Ilmenau, where you can

spend a few weeks at the waters, in the mountain air.

At any rate, it is necessary that you should forthwith get three months' leave. When you have got that and are once out of your island and at Kiel, the rest will come of itself with the help of steam and good horses, by beautiful roads and through exquisite country. The season is not, to be sure, the best for Italy, but the mountain torrents and Alps will refresh us on the way. The whole journey will to me be doubly interesting if you share it, and it will never probably be made so easy to you again.

And now, dear Ludwig, in anticipation of many an If and But, and much, certainly well-founded, hesitancy, I would only make one remark from my own practical experience. If a man cannot make a plunge when a great decision has to be taken, never in this world will he achieve anything. We will make Mie umpire to decide whether you are to accept this offer or no. But settle it at once, and let me know your decision soon, if possible in favour of it. The exact day of departure cannot of course be fixed, but you must

be free by the beginning of July. If it should be postponed for a few days, you can remain here, or else you may spare yourself the long round by Berlin. Steamers start from Hamburg every evening at six, and reach Magdeburg in thirty-six hours ; and from thence it is no further to Dresden than to Berlin. But that we will discuss more fully when we are agreed as to the main point. Think of the Hesperides, of Venice the Queen of the Sea, of eternal Rome ! And so I end. Your faithful brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, June 12th, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

As yet no decision. This to begin with.

With what joy I learned from your letter of the 5th that you decided promptly and rightly. Although no answer has come from Rome, nor could have come, I write these few lines in case—so that the time may not seem too long to you, and that everything may be ready as far as possible.

The matter must at this moment be lying before

the Prince for decision. Whether he will make any further enquiries I do not know ; but I should think not. My Prince wrote the strongest recommendations to his uncle, whom he visited not long since in Rome ; not, it is true, till a few days after an autograph letter from the King had mentioned the names. I only hope the old gentleman has not been in too great a hurry to decide, so that my testimonial may have reached him in time. If he selects me, I shall be fearfully busy. I must stow all my possessions somewhere, give up my quarters, fit myself out, arrange my money-matters, pay no end of visits and make several introductions, pack up, treat with express-agents and what not. And I hope to get it all done in a week, although I can make no definite arrangements in this uncertainty. During that week the horses must go to Dresden by easy stages, and get into practice ; after that they can make long journeys of from seven to twelve miles a day [about thirty-two to fifty-six English miles]. We shall overtake them in one day by railway to Dresden. If, on the other hand, the decision is not in my favour, a possibility

which must be considered, I have made no fixed plan. I should propose to meet you in Berlin, which you can reach by steamer (of the Seehandlungs Dampfschiff Co., Potsdam), they start at 5 in the morning four times a week—for eight thalers. We will at any rate make a tour in the mountains. This we will settle when we meet.

Adieu, dear Ludwig. I thank Mie for deciding so kindly, and wish her a very pleasant stay with her family. Marie is as glad as I am that we have persuaded you to come to Rome with us. Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, July 2nd, 1845.

And still no decision.

You must certainly have expected it this time, dear Ludwig, and I hardly like to write to you as I cannot yet announce it. Still, none is better than a rejection; *dum spiro spero*.

God only knows why. Whether the old Prince has been making further enquiries at Berlin before making up his mind; if so, the suspense may last till the end of this month

again. Take patience—as we must too. . . . At any rate, if the decision is in our favour I will write two days running, in case a letter should be lost. I would not leave you without any news at all, though I am, in fact, only writing to say that I have nothing to write.

Adieu, dear Ludwig, Marie sends her best remembrances; I hope to have good news for you soon. Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, July 27th, 1845.

MY DEAR LUDWIG,

Still no answer. Again my letter begins with these words. As I now learn, the names did not reach Rome till the beginning of this month. If Prince Henry takes as long to think about it, it may be some time yet before anything is settled. As the King is now gone to the Rhine, it is hardly possible that anything can be done for the next fortnight, and I can no longer postpone Marie's journey to Ems. I have arranged to have any news that comes forwarded immediately by Coblenz. If I should be ordered

off, I shall leave Marie at Ems to finish her course of waters, and also leave the carriage and horses ; I shall hurry back to Berlin to settle everything. You shall at once be informed.

It was said a little while since that the Prince would not appoint any married adjutant ; however, this seems to be unfounded, and the matter is just where it was eight weeks ago. My father has again paid us a visit here of three days. He was very ailing when he arrived, but soon got better and was much pleased. Adieu, dear Ludwig, only do not lose patience. Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Coblentz, September 2nd, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

And still nothing settled !

I cannot bear to write any more since all my letters have the same weariful beginning. You have spent the whole summer in uncomfortable suspense, and all alone too ; I only hope that when the answer comes at last it may be favourable.

If we set out later than October the tour through the Alps will certainly have lost much of its interest. But Rome is Rome, even in the winter, for no snow lies on its venerable face.

It is lucky that I did not stay waiting in Berlin any longer. Marie has happily got through her course of waters at Ems, and can remain there for the second part of the treatment. We are very well; between the two courses we are making a delightful excursion to the Aar Valley and the Rhine, and are now going up the river by Rüdesheim to Bad Langen-Schwalbach in the Duchy of Nassau, where we shall stay a fortnight. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, October 25th, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

On my arrival here to-day I found the news of my father's death. From all the late reports it was only to be expected, and after such long suffering could only be desired. Nevertheless the fact is a shock. I also found here your kind letter of the 25th, and read the details of my

father's sufferings with an aching heart. How long and terrible was the struggle of that strong constitution! But life had now so few pleasures for him; even travelling had lost its charm—God grant him rest and peace!

My news, dear Ludwig, is that I have to-day received my appointment to Rome. Unfortunately you have waited the whole summer alone, and now, when your family are about you again, you say you have lost the wish to travel. Nevertheless, I hope you will not leave me to go alone. At any rate, I will wait for you here three weeks, which will give you time to apply to Copenhagen for an extension of leave. I have not yet really had time to think about anything. I shall probably travel in my own carriage, but posting, which will shorten the journey considerably. I only give you immediate notice, so that, if you have not altogether given it up, you may take the necessary steps in time. Let me hear soon whether or no you will give me this great pleasure; then, as soon as I have recovered myself and considered the subject more fully, I will furnish you with particulars. Marie and I send our best love to

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Mie. It will be hard on us to give up all our belongings, perhaps for years. To be sure, we see everything to-day through a shroud.

Affectionately yours,
HELMUTH.

Berlin, November 7th, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Twelve days have already gone by since I wrote to you, on the 26th, that we are going to Rome, and expect you to come with us. As, however, no letter from you has reached us till now, we count on the best, namely, that you yourself will make your appearance immediately. We can but repeat, Marie and I, our pressing invitation, and hope to see you here as soon as possible, for we shall be ready to start in three or four days; but we are no less ready to postpone our departure for even more days if you are waiting for an answer from Copenhagen.

Pardon these hasty lines. An auction is going on in the next room of all our pretty things. Away at any loss! is the motto. How gladly we would hand over many things to Mie for her house

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG. 155

if the carriage were possible. A thousand greetings to the dear sister-in-law ; she will certainly urge you to go ; she is unselfish enough. Adieu, dear Ludwig. Let us hear of you soon—or rather let us see you. Yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, Wednesday, November 12th, 1845.

DEAR LUDWIG,

The three weeks since I wrote to you on the 26th ult. are nearly spent, and if, as I expect, the King gives me my orders to-morrow, I can no longer put off my journey.

It is possible that I may not receive my dismissal this week, but it is also possible that I—

As I am in the act of writing, a messenger has come in to require my attendance to-day at noon. So I shall leave this on Friday, 14th, for Leipzig direct, where I shall find the carriage and horses, and go on by railway, on Saturday, to Werdau. From thence I drive in three days to Nuremberg, where I shall put up at the Rothen Ross. We shall be there till Tuesday, the 18th.

If you go by railway from Kiel to Hamburg, from thence by steamer to Magdeburg, and by railway from Magdeburg to Werdau *via* Leipzig and Altenburg, and take the mail on to Nuremberg, it will take you exactly three times twenty-four hours. This letter will reach you on Saturday the 15th, so you can join us on Thursday, at Nuremberg. At any rate, you can still overtake us even later, by posting to Munich, railway from Donauwörth. However, I hope that, even while I am writing, you are already on your way. If you should reach Berlin after we have started, it will be quite easy for you to catch us up at Nuremberg, since we shall travel not more than seven or eight miles a day, and the mail goes twenty miles a day. I know not what else to add, and shall be truly grieved if you let this good opportunity slip, and deprive us of the pleasure of your company, without some very good reason. A thousand greetings to Mie. Adieu.

Your faithful brother,

HELMUTH.

Rome, April 2nd, 1846.

DEAR LUDWIG,

After your letter from Venice had reassured us as to your having happily escaped the brigands of the Marches of Ancona, we heard from 'Guste and then from you, from Fehmarn, that you had arrived at home safe and sound. I am truly glad that your stay in Rome should have left you some interesting reminiscences. We ourselves were not really in a position to receive you as we could have wished; we, too, were strangers, and not sufficiently settled. Your successor will find things more comfortable. Your departure has left a great gap; and in many a delightful drive we exclaim: "If only Loui were with us!" Two things especially, I particularly wish that you could have seen. One is the Columbarium by the Porta Latina. How kindly was death in those days! The Columbarium, which was only discovered ten years since, is a little room elegantly decorated with stucco and frescoes. From the roof a six-branched lamp hangs from a bronze chain, and all round there are little niches in the walls, in which stand urns, still containing the bones of the dead.

Graceful altars, mosaics, and sculpture are not lacking, and thus a man could collect the ashes of all those he loved, divested of all that is repulsive, in a little hall, till he himself was deposited there. Then the god of the poppy wreath and the inverted torch was still extant, the graver brother of smiling sleep ; not the skeleton with a scythe, and the fires of purgatory in the background. Then, too, an oak or two did not matter, while to us they are a store of wood to warm us thriftily for a whole winter.

The second and more splendid excursion is to the top of the dome of St. Peter's. Close to the tomb of the Stuarts you enter a passage, leading through the tremendous side wall into a sort of spiral way ; it goes up and up a gently inclined plane, and after a long but easy ascent, you come out in the open air on a rocky platform, at about the height of Monte Mario. To the right you see the hut of a mountaineer, or watchman, close to which a shoot of water, as thick as your arm, springs out and fills an ancient sarcophagus. Behind you, stand strange peaks of rock, which, when seen from the other side, appear as gigantic statues of the Apostles ; and at the other end of

the plateau—or to be accurate, the roof of the church, covered with flags of travertin—a rotunda rises before you, as large as the Pantheon but much higher. You go in through a door, and a fearful gulf lies before you. Far below glitters the gilt cross on the top of the bronze baldachino, which itself is higher than the Schloss at Berlin. There are swarms down there of tiny dwarfs, and a distant chant falls, as an echo, on your ear. In the furthest depth of the abyss a white-haired old man is kneeling with clasped hands in front of the shrine, surrounded with lamps, which contains the bones of the most militant of the Apostles. You involuntarily draw back to the wall side of the ledge, five feet wide, below which no holdfast is visible. Remove one of these huge blocks of stone, and all the rest will fall in ruins on to the marble floor of the church. But I will not make you giddy, for we have yet to climb up to another similar ledge at the top of the drum, where the hemispherical dome begins. There it is wiser to look up than down. The whole vast vault is lined with myriads of stones forming a mosaic; the saints and martyrs in the lowest row; then

the apostles, with Christ in the middle ; above these, angels and cherubim ; and at the very centre God the Father looking down from above, but somewhat indistinct, and only to be seen by an effort. All these pictures, which, from the floor, are of life size, are in fact, colossal ; a little angel supporting a garland of flowers might unhesitatingly take his place on the right wing of the Body-guard of the 1st Regiment. Above 300 steps lead up between the double shell of the cupola to the gallery at the foot of the lantern, and 70 more bring you to the very top, exactly over the high altar. If the tower of St. Michael's church were placed below you, you would not notice it, for it would be beneath your feet.

Mount a metal ladder of about thirty rungs, and you find yourself in the ball. Though it will hold eighteen men, they are in anything rather than a comfortable position, and you are glad to find yourself outside again, whence you have a glorious view. Rome lies before you like a map in relief, with all its churches, palaces, walls, and towers ; the eye follows the windings of the Tiber for a long distance, under the Milvian Bridge, past the

Castle of St. Angelo, and away to the shimmering streak which is the Mediterranean. A broad green plain spreads out to the steep limestone wall of the Sabine Hills, from whose rifts the Anio bursts forth, visible amid the shining walls of Tivoli. The volcanic slopes of the Alban Hills rise in rounded outline, and the villas of Tusculum and Albano, and old Algidus are clearly seen. The rows of tombs intersect the plain, indicating the lines of the ancient roads, and the giant arches of the aqueducts are seen for miles, as far as mountains. But now I will restore you safe and sound to your wife on the level soil of Fehmarn.

I will try to procure the books you mention; but it is almost as difficult here as on your island. Meanwhile I am studying Niebuhr's Roman History, which, with the sharpest scalpel of criticism, cuts away the flesh of legend and poetry and lays bare the skeleton of truth. Numa and his Egeria, Romulus even, are myths; Porsenna, like Hercules, an aggregation of fabulous tales; Horatius Cocles and the rest, mere inventions; nay, Peter himself was never in Rome. What is to become of Egeria's grotto, and Nero's tomb,

and the Tarpeian rock, which, indeed, we had to pay half a paul to see? This is "the thirst for truth and delight in illusion." *L'histoire c'est une fable convenue*, but to dispute it is like disputing dogma. You destroy something, but can put nothing better in its place. So I went again yesterday to the fountain of Egeria, and persist in believing that good King Numa studied law-giving there. At the same time, I may observe that when you and I were together we failed, in some incomprehensible way, to find the beautiful Nymphæum, though it is quite near, only somewhat closer to the city. It is a lovely cave, out of which springs a thread of lukewarm, slightly acid water, and in the background a horrible reclining figure has been placed, instead of each one being left to imagine the Nymph as beautiful as he may.

All our things, plate, etc., arrived safely soon after your departure. As yet all our search has failed to discover a suitable residence. My Prince was very glad to hear that you had reached home safely. He has suffered much this spring from podagra and chiragra.

My plane-table too has arrived, and I am hard at work mapping the environs of Rome. Nearly two square miles [about 9 square miles English] are already done, but I have nine such sheets to prepare, and shall have to work at them for a very long time, more especially as in summer the heat is too great for such work. I wander up hill and down dale in enormously high boots, against thorns and snakes, and meet with no interference but occasionally from sheep-dogs or herds of oxen, over a circuit of a mile and a half already [nearly 7 miles English]. Of course I hunt diligently after old walls, tombs, and basalt pavements, and rejoice whenever I can include some ancient name, such as Fidenæ, Autumnae, Villa Liviæ, Ad Gallinas, and the like.

I have begged Adolf to extend his journey beyond the baths, as far as this, and I hope that you will have encouraged him by your example. Nay, more, we are half hoping for the Burts; for there is no miracle so great that it may not occur in Rome.

Now adieu, dear Ludwig. Marie sends her affectionate greetings with mine to your dear wife

and the sweet children. With sincere affection
and attachment, yours,

HELMUTH.

Coblentz, July 12th, 1847.

DEAR LUDWIG,

. . . With us, all is well and happy. I returned yesterday from a journey through the Rhine provinces. It was the first anniversary of Prince Henry's death, and thus the end, for me, of a very busy year, during which I travelled about 2000 miles [above 9300 miles English]. The last journey, with my commanding general, was interesting, and led through old Roman settlements; Colonna Agrippina, Aquisgranum, Moguntiacum, Augusta Trevirorum, and others, where magnificent remains still exist. Near Trier, at Igel, there is a splendid family tomb, with sculpture and an inscription. At Trier the King is having the old basilica of Constantine restored; an amphitheatre has been dug out; the baths, the palace of Constantine the Great, the aqueducts, etc., remain almost half complete. Castell, a Roman Castrum, is beautifully situated on a rocky

promontory on the Saar. There too lies Johann von Lützelburg, the blind King of Bohemia, who was killed at the battle of Crecy. But here at Confluentes is best of all. Adieu, dear Ludwig, for to-day, and much love to you and your absent ones. Yours,

HELMUTH.

Coblentz, November 14th, 1847.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I am busy getting my Roman map copied out, and arranging a sort of guide to the Campagna, in the style of Westphal's,¹ only I hope a little less dry. How splendidly you could help me, with your knowledge of the ancient classics. Unfortunately, I must put it all aside at present, for my whole time is occupied by a very dry and extensive official task; the working out of a new plan for the mobilization of our Army Corps. It is besides much more difficult to procure the necessary materials here than in Berlin. A physical-geographical introduction to it lies ready.

¹ J. H. Westphal: *The Roman Campagna in its topographical and antiquarian aspect.* Berlin, 1829.

Then I intended to begin on the walks in the environs, after the manner of the Florentine letters, only keeping more closely to a definite purpose. Unfortunately I have to content myself with translations. My aim is to connect existing remains with historical events. These can, therefore, only be given in the briefest form, and the places must form the connecting links in the chain of events. With best love, yours,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, September 27th, 1849.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I do not know if you are aware that Adolf has been very seriously ill. His post in Berlin, though not an official one, brought a great deal of agitating work in its train. His lively interest in his little native land, so natural considering the important position he occupied there, and finally the confidence reposed in him by all parties, drew him into a most busy life. Besides which he took no care of himself; so one night on rising from his writing-table at 3 o'clock, he had a sort of hæmorrhage. He had to be bled considerably,

and a subsequent relapse has made the matter very serious. Professor Langenbeck was his doctor, and cousin Eduard nursed him faithfully till Augusta could be fetched. Now he is happily so far better that he can leave Berlin and withdraw from the political turmoil.

I know too little of the complicated state of affairs to be able to offer you advice in your present difficult position, but I will not conceal my opinion that, with all possible caution, you must nevertheless submit to the Government. Should certain ill-disposed persons succeed in stirring up the ignorant masses about it, the worst they could do would be to turn you out of your post by force till order was restored. An opposite course of action would enable you to hold your position up to that point, but you would run the risk of losing your place altogether by a legal decision. Whatever may be thought of the unfortunate occurrences in the Duchies, I still think that a Schleswig official can recognize the present Government as his lawful authority. The appeal made by the Government to the consciences of every Schleswig official, and thus to each individual's

idea of justice, is certainly a very unwise and rash proceeding. Liliencron has already sent in a petition to the Government to repair the mischief they have thus set on foot by some steps in the other direction, and it is to be hoped that something of that kind may be done.

Men who have some knowledge of the matter tell me that affairs in Schleswig may be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The chief thing is to get over a few difficult months. Prussia's threat to withdraw from the whole business, may probably lead the Great Powers to speak a serious word to the refractory island folk.

I have a general feeling that things will improve. The pendulum movement of the democratic revolution is over, I fancy; it is becoming stationary once more; still, it is not impossible that following the natural laws of gravity, it may now deviate to the other side. Democracy is played out for the present, though no doubt other great struggles are impending. "There will be an age of heroes after the age of shouters and writers."

The groundwork of the great movement in Germany is the undeniable desire for unity, and

if the Cabinets will not adopt the only possible way to this end—which is now offered them, let them call it absorption into Prussia or what they like—the struggle may doubtless break out again at some future time. But order will certainly be restored in the immediate future, for as it has been very properly observed, liberty has sometimes come of order, but order was never the outcome of liberty. Though indeed, if we do not keep wide awake, order will not be of very long duration.

The transactions in our Chambers show some signs that the people are awakening to a better consciousness. God preserve to us the much-despised Brandenburg-Manteuffel Ministry; they have saved us all.

To descend from great things to small, let me only tell you that Marie and I spent four weeks at Wangerooge for the sea-bathing. I should like to have gone to Föhr, but the nonsense about Prussian treachery kept me away. It did us both a great deal of good, and we needed it. There is as much to do as ever, but we are beginning to see daylight at last. Our Landwehr

is returning, and the country thereby relieved of a heavy burden.

When will the time come again for a pleasant visit to us? Should you be forced, against all expectations, to leave your little island, do not forget that Magdeburg is very easy to get at. A thousand kind messages from Marie to yourself, your wife, and all the children. Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, January 15th, 1850.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I took my wife to see her parents, with whom we spent a very merry Christmas. But I had to be here again on the 4th, so that unfortunately it was impossible to go farther than Neumünster, Rantzau, and Uetersen. I wished very much to visit both you and Fritz. We have not met since we were in Rome. Those were other days! We grow so serious and so prosaic under the inevitable yoke of business. You have the additional weight of hopeless political entanglements, and yet I see from a letter to Guste that you can still turn

your mind to literature. If you will send me your translation of Marino Faliero, I will see if I cannot find a publisher for you. Of course it would have been easier if you had written "Three Questions" or "Revelations" or something of the sort ; that is much more attractive now-a-days than Byron or Moore. That reminds me we ought some day to collect the poems that we have translated from time to time. I enclose one or two, as dried rose-leaves from warmer days. To translate the whole of Moore is certainly a frightful thought. I cannot even try to pick out the good poems from the mass of inferior ones. . . .

Rantzau was doubly interesting to me on this journey. A recollection of my earliest youth attached itself to the pointed tower at Barmstedt, to the drawbridge over the castle moat, and to a large garden, where we plotted with some naughty boarders at Pastor Wilke's (for it is forty years ago) to steal some plums. It was dark when I arrived at Elmshorn by train, and having no luggage I hurried off on foot. After losing my way completely in the deep snow, I came at last through a splendid

beech wood to a drawbridge. In the castle court I was met by two gigantic white figures, which turned out afterwards to be snow men, and I got quite a shock when the tower clock just over my head struck eight. I felt quite nervous as I entered the house, but found Adolf and Augusta having tea. He is much better than I had feared. It is a great pity that his convalescence should fall in the winter time ; he is not allowed to go out at all, which would make the soundest person ill.

At Itzehoe, I heard a very pretty little composition of yours, to a song of Geibel's, I fancy ; in short, it seems that Melpomene and Euterpe have disembarked at Heiligenhafen. They certainly have not come to Magdeburg.

It is always expressly stated on our theatre-bills that the building is heated, otherwise nobody would know it. One freezes mentally and bodily. If I had not the immense cathedral in front of my windows, there would be nothing here to indicate the presence of a higher culture.

What is going to happen in Holstein ? I cannot think that it will come to blows again, although

General Bonin, with his 30,000 men and 80 guns, would be pleased to have another word with the Danes. The Swedes have certainly no desire to delay any longer, but the question is how General Hahn is to put his hand between hammer and anvil. If he leaves the field open to the contending parties, it is very doubtful which would come off victorious. If it were the Holsteiners, they would march into Jutland, but that would by no means end the matter. If the Holsteiners should be beaten, they would cross the Eider, and find a strong support in Rendsburg and a still stronger in the population of the country, which, after all, is part of the German Confederation, and cannot be overrun by the Danes without further ado. Thus nothing will be conclusive one way or another. This can only be achieved by diplomatic means, and notwithstanding all that is sure to be said to the contrary, the matter must be taken in hand by a superior Power. But this Power must be stronger than the local Government. In any case a weak government is infinitely worse than a tyrannical one.

The year has only dawned as yet, and no one

knows what the first spring morning may bring with it. A powerful Austrian army is standing at our frontier, and we—receive assurances of goodwill. To the Triple Alliance, at least two kings are wanting. Hohenzollern is a possession *in partibus infidelium*, and Baden does not know how to get rid of that ill weed Democracy, except by throwing it into her own fields, where it frequently falls on well-tilled ground. In Berlin there was a Ministerial crisis over the Propositions, and, after these were safely passed, a Constitution, of which they do not yet know whether it will work, and which costs, to begin with, 50 millions (according to Beckerath, however, only the ridiculously small sum of 49 millions). I may observe incidentally that all Government shares and paper have fallen about 25 per cent., so the conquests may easily cost us a few hundred millions. The railways are paying nothing, and the shareholders would really not be to blame if they went over to the opposition.

It is some comfort when, in spite of all the endeavours of the enlightened disciples of progress, the old domestic Court of Justice, parental

rule, and much-abused beneficent legislation, remain intact at home. Mie probably thinks the same. Remember me most kindly to her. How I should like to see your little troop of daughters (though little only as compared to the family of Danaos, King of Argos), for "Hannemusse" must have grown a stately maiden since the days in which she turned away with a "Boo" from my beard, and called out for "Roast hare!" in her sleep. But my paper and your patience have come to an end.

Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

I forget if I wrote to you that my ten square miles round Rome are being engraved by one of the first engravers in Berlin—Brose. The King has advanced 750 thalers, but it will take two years to do. I hope it will be a fine work, and you shall have one of the first copies. I began a guide to the Campagna, but had, of course, to put it aside. I should like to show you what is finished.

Magdeburg, April 21st, 1851.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I was called away from the seaside last year by the preparations for war, just as I was about to cross over to England. We saw the chalk cliffs gleaming in the sun, and could have been at the other side within three hours. It is impossible to say whether I shall be able to make up for it this autumn ; who can make plans now-a-days six months in advance? We are very far indeed from rest as yet. The humiliation to Prussia is too great for the situation to remain very long as it is: Everywhere victorious with her arms, and beaten at every point in diplomacy—it is very deeply felt here.

Yours affectionately,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, December 14th, 1851.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Herewith I send you a copy of my Roman map—at least the two sheets that have been completed as yet—and the materials for a guide through that part of the Campagna contained on

the map.¹ These last are, it is true, only fragments, but being in the shafts all day and every day as I am, I find it impossible to carry out the work. Reumont is to be chargé d'affaires in Florence, and is leaving Rome, so that he cannot undertake to assist me in it. I leave it to you to decide, from the present specimen, whether you care to continue the historical researches, though it is of course uncertain if anything will ever come of the whole thing. Unfortunately, the map has been reduced to a very small scale, and to go through all the annals of antiquity and the Middle Ages, merely to determine what occurred on such and such a small spot, however remarkable, would be a labour, having for its only reward the interest of the work. In case you would like to occupy your present leisure with it, I have added the two sheets belonging to Westphal's guide. The cathedral library will no doubt supply you with all the classical writers. Niebuhr's Roman History is, I think, absolutely

¹ We know that this guide was never finished from G. von Bunsen's published "*Wanderungen um Rom. Aus Graf Moltke's handschriftlichen Aufzeichnungen*" (Wanderings round Rome; from Count Moltke's manuscript notes).

necessary to a right understanding of the facts contained in the classics. But even if you would rather devote yourself to Melpomene than to Clio, it will interest you to see the map, as you have been in Rome. In the opinion of competent judges, the engraving is so beautiful that you would not easily find anything more perfect in its way. I hope the whole map may be ready to appear at the beginning of next year, and I shall then lay a copy of it before His Majesty the King, whose munificence has made it possible to bring out so costly an edition. Every sheet costs the firm 1500 thalers to engrave. The scale of measurement has not yet been put in. But on the main roads you will find the milestones indicated by M. 1, M. 2, etc. These are always 2000 paces, or $\frac{1}{5}$ of a geographical mile (15 to the degree²). The sheet for the south is not nearly finished yet; particularly the markings of eminences in the gardens to the west and south of Rome have to be deepened, and many corrections still to be made. Your faithful brother,

HELMUTH.

² This is a little less than the old Prussian mile; as 985 to 1000, or 4.611 English miles (Meyer's Lexicon).

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG.

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Magdeburg, January 7th, 1852.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Here you have the necessary scale of measurements for the Roman map to $\frac{1}{25000}$ of the real distances; in explanation I make the following remark. The unit of measurement is the *ruthe* or perch³ of the Rhine provinces: 2000 to one Prussian mile, which is only shorter than the geographical mile ($\frac{1}{15}$ of a degree of latitude) by one perch, therefore almost identical. The perch is divided into 10 decimal feet, the foot into 10 decimal inches, so there are 100 inches to a perch. Thus the mile contains $100 \times 2000 = 200,000$ inches.

As the map is drawn to a scale of one twenty-five thousandth, there must be $\frac{200000}{25}$ inches, or 8 decimal inches to the mile.

The old Roman mile is very nearly the same as the modern Roman one, the former having $75\frac{4}{10}$ and the latter $74\frac{1}{2}$ *toises*,⁴ a difference of about 4 paces.

³ The scale is set out to three standards:— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Prussian; 1 mile Roman; 8 stadia of 250 paces = $\frac{1}{25000}$.

⁴ Or fathom of 1·829 mètres.

When there is any mention of the Roman *passus* it always means a double pace, the movement of both the right and left foot being considered as one step. Therefore 1000 Roman *passus* make 2000 Prussian paces.

The stadium is $\frac{1}{8}$ of a Roman mile, therefore 250 modern paces. In this way, the ancient measurements will agree with those on my map, only it must always be noted whether the starting-point is one of the older gates, or one of those in Aurelian's Wall. For instance, the miles on the Flaminian Way are counted from the old Flaminian Gate, which stood near the foot of the Capitoline Hill, whereas Porta del Popolo was a mile away from this gate. This would place the Allia River at a distance of 10 millia (10,000 Roman paces).

In the same way the old road to the east is reckoned, not from the Porta Pia or Salara but from the old Porta Collatina, which stood where you will find a large earthwork marked, behind Maria Maggiore.

What is your objection to the style of my guide? Surely it can be well and carefully and

interestingly done in that form. Often when I have come upon a heap of ruins I have thought, What may not have happened here ! what events are connected with these remains ! The guide-book form has just that advantage over a scientific enquiry, that the latter drags the reader mercilessly through dreary wastes of minute dissertation, while the former strolls pleasantly with him through the country, remarking only what is grand, attractive and noteworthy. If you are interested in the work, I advise you wherever you find anything in the classics which relates to the places, to write it down very briefly in separate paragraphs like those I sent you ; but always in distinct notes. They are the stones with which to build up the whole later on. They will be sure to find a place ; for instance, the graceful epigram on Nero's golden house, though it belongs to Rome—which will not be touched upon, there being so many learned works upon it—may be quite appropriately brought in at Veii. Another visit to Rome would really be necessary before the final arrangement, in order to refresh one's impressions on the spot, to add some picturesque touches and

round off the whole work. And that is not so impossible. Should my circumstances allow me a little leisure, I mean to study the history of the Middle Ages as connected with Rome. Ranke's admirable History of the Popes will be a guide and gives the authorities.

As I have remarked in my introduction, legends will not be excluded. That will not hinder us from glancing behind the scenes and showing the ground-work of truth. And so I always come back to Niebuhr, though Schlegel scoffs at him.

Am Wasserfall von Tibur
 Steht der große Niebuhr,
 Um römische Geschichten .
 Auf seine Art zu dichten ;
 Lateinisch und etruskisch
 Ward friesisch und niebuhrisch.

I will only mention the marching of the Plebs to the Mons sacer, a proceeding which remains perfectly incomprehensible and senseless without the key which Niebuhr gives to it. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, March 23rd, 1852.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Reumont has proposed to me to apply to Dr. Emil Braun in Rome, who will write a brief article to accompany my map. I do not quite know what to do about it, as I know nothing of Braun's style. I am in daily expectation that the engraving will be finished, and shall then go to Berlin, to lay a copy before the King, who has taken a great interest in it. I shall take the opportunity of speaking to Professor Gerhard, and it may probably be necessary to send Braun what I have already done. As you are not likely to be using the MS. now, I will ask you to send it back—only the MS. sheets—but I hope that you will not deprive me of the results of your excursions in the classics, even if they do not strictly refer to the map. There will always be a place for anything interesting or piquant. Whether the whole thing will come to anything I greatly doubt; perhaps when I am gone to my rest. At present I can get nothing done, and may be glad if I get through each day's business.

Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, November 17th.

DEAR LUDWIG,

We found it most refreshing to spend a week once more in Berlin. I went there about my Roman map, which is finished at last, and I laid a copy of it before the King. I am daily expecting a number of presentation copies, and hope to be able to send one with these lines to you, and one for Professor Forchhammer in Kiel, who sent me his survey of Troas. The engraving has turned out very beautiful, and the King, whose memory for places is incredible, kept me nearly an hour in his private room questioning me on the details. On the other hand, my manuscript which I sent three months ago to Alexander von Humboldt seems hopelessly lost. It never reached him, and all enquiries of the Post have been without result. The orderly who sent the packet off is dead, so there is little prospect of getting it back.

I am reading Ritter's Geography of Palestine and specially of Jerusalem. It is a favourite scheme of mine to go there some day and make a plan of those most interesting places. Yours,

HELMUTH.

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG. 185

Magdeburg, February 24th, 1853.

DEAR LUDWIG,

The lost child has been found. After all researches at the post-office had been unavailing and we had given up hope, Humboldt writes me a day or two ago, that the manuscript is with him. The celebrated author of "Kosmos" gives as his excuse, "*quand on fait vieux, on devient d'abord sourd et puis imbécile*." However, I am very glad to know that the work is safe, but there is small hope of my continuing it—perhaps in my old age.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, June 5th, 1853.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Early this morning we received the sad news that Adolf's gentle, good little daughter Friederike had followed the sister who died a while ago to the grave. Adolf writes in unutterable grief and distress, and when I remember how cheerful and happy he was a short time ago at your house, it warns me of the instability of all human happiness. The deep religious feeling of

both Adolf and his wife is their only comfort. God help them over the first sad days, and preserve the rest of the children, for with the delicacy of the boys and the terrible malignity of the disease, there is ground enough for anxiety. Yours,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, December 23rd, 1853.

DEAR LUDWIG,

. . . . I am so busy just now that I cannot even read my newspaper every day, although the Russo-Turkish affair is of the deepest interest to me. I think the most Christian Czar *has got in a scrape*,⁶ which he wishes he were out of again. If he is not master of the Black Sea, he will not so easily cross the Balkans. The campaign has cost him one year and 100,000 men, which he cannot bring back. He cannot take possession of anything either, for with the most passionate desire for peace Europe would never permit him to have Constantinople, and all the rest is not worth the cost. The decision of the question is all the more likely to be trans-

⁶ In English in the original.

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG. 187

ferred from the Danube to the Rhine, and to Italy, which would result in some rather curious complications. Then, in the general struggle, the Danish question would at once be brought up for discussion, for our little neighbour's insolent scorn and thirst for revenge cannot be allowed to continue, unless Germany first goes to the bottom. You are lucky to be out of all the coming worry. Yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 16th, 1856.

DEAR LUDWIG,

The detestable, cold east wind that has been tormenting us for the last fortnight is making everybody ill, and reminds one forcibly of the statement that Germany is really habitable only as far as Heidelberg. Even Tacitus says: "Who would leave Attica, Italy, or Africa to dwell in these horrible forests and deadly swamps—unless it were his native land!" The Ratzeburg Lake has one advantage over the country round Berlin—it is not dusty; but it is just as cold and windy. I am curious to know if it is any better on

the Rhine. When you visit us again, dear Ludwig, you will find us in a beautiful large city, which has sprung up since you were last here. The Landwehr Canal, otherwise the Schafgraben, has been transformed into a gently winding, navigable stream with broad avenues and magnificent houses on each bank. This is our nearest driving and riding road, running close behind the Thiergarten, and the old pheasantry, now the Zoological Gardens, and into the Charlottenburg road. Extensive cherry plantations give shade to the neighbouring fields, and cover the worst of the sandy wastes. Over everything rises the mighty cupola of the Palace, and the numberless high and pointed spires of newly-built churches have quite altered the view of the city from a distance. Then there are the factories with their steam shafts, gigantic barracks, railway stations, and isolation prisons outside the gates, not to mention gasometers, waterworks, and granite footways ; in fact, Berlin has become a beautiful city, and well worth the trouble of another visit.

If you can read anything but official documents, let me recommend Droysen's "History of Prussian

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG. 189

Politics." Its interest is not confined to Prussia. I am just now reading Riehl's "Naturgeschichte des Volkes." Yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, October 13th, 1858.

DEAR LUDWIG,

We—Marie and I—are now settled in our comfortable winter quarters, and are only waiting for friends and relations to come and take possession of the numerous guest-chambers. Perhaps you may some day make up your mind to the half-day's journey, and make Mie and one or other of the daughters acquainted with Berlin.

You have, perhaps, already heard that I was definitely appointed Chief of the General Staff at the close of this year's manœuvres. The appointment came sooner than I could have expected, as it is really the office of a Lieutenant-General.

Marie sends her best love. We made a very charming summer excursion into the Salzburg Alps. Excepting that we very nearly broke our necks it was really delightful. For the manœuvres, too, and up till the last few days during

my official journey with the staff, we had such fine weather that my overcoat was simply so much unnecessary ballast. Whether the fine weather has disappeared because the comet is no longer visible, or *vice versa*, can only be decided when we know if the yellow fever has left Lisbon because the Archbishop has returned, or the Archbishop returned because the yellow fever has disappeared. How is the hunting getting on? I wish you bad luck in it! Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, February 10th, 1859.

DEAR LUDWIG,

The forty-four pound roebuck of your shooting came safely to hand, and was warmly welcomed by Marie and me. We have hung it in the cool larder, and it will make a capital foundation to some unavoidable dinners and supper-parties. The *appetit savant* of our guests will appreciate it, and we beg to offer our very best thanks for the handsome present, only wishing we could invite you all to partake of it.

Please tell Mie that there is no reasonable excuse

for war, except at the outside that *la France s'ennuie*. But the unreasonable will sometimes occur, and the matter looks mad enough. I do not, however, believe that it will come to an outbreak just yet; the Emperor is too wise to sail *contre vent et courants* as long as he has any choice in the matter. But perhaps he no longer has. *Il fourra dans un guépier*.

My tendency to giddiness, which you have no doubt detected in these hurriedly written lines is slowly decreasing. But my recovery is retarded by the almost uninterrupted writing of the last weeks, and by the many social engagements which in my position we cannot altogether avoid, and which interfere seriously with my night's rest. I must close, therefore, thanking you once more. Who would think, to look at the Schmielau Moor, that it bore such fruits as well as bilberries.

Most affectionately,

HELMUTH.

Wildbad Gastein, 29th August, 1859.

DEAR LUDWIG,

. . . Bad-Gastein lies in a deep valley, and

yet it is as high as the Brockenhaus, 3000 feet above the sea. The mountains which enclose the valley and rise to a height of 10,000 feet, covered with perpetual snow, form, strictly speaking, the backbone of old Dame Europe. They belong to the great chain of Alps that stretches from Switzerland to the Balkans. To the north and south long valleys run parallel to it from west to east. They are wide and cultivated, considerable rivers traverse the beds of these valleys, in them lie the principal connecting roads, and they are full of the towns and villages.

The valleys running from north to south are of a very different character, being narrow, wild and lonely, the waters of the glaciers rush down them in foaming torrents and thundering waterfalls. The Gastein valley is one of these.

It has three very distinct basins, whose almost level plains, now alive with meadows, fields and Alpine huts, once formed large lakes. The outflow of the waters was hindered by rocky dams, probably deposited there by landslips. In the course of thousands of years the Gastein torrent succeeded in forcing an outlet, and now casts it-

self over these three shelves in a series of superb waterfalls.

A day or two ago we made an excursion to the upper one of these three lake basins, the so-called "wet field" (Nassfeld), a meadow apparently without any opening, and surrounded by mountains 10,000 feet high. Owing to this year's continuous heat, the snow has disappeared even from the highest peaks. But in the depressions between them lie a few glaciers stretching their arms far down into the valley. Their sea-blue colouring makes them easily distinguishable from the snow. The glaciers, as you know, are perpetually moving downwards towards the valley. They push huge rocks and masses of stone before them, threatening the most beautiful pastures and the dwellings of man with destruction. But the lower they slide the stronger is the effect of the sun's heat, the sources of the torrents are more numerous, and the waterfalls become grander. The heat which dries up the rivulets of the plains, fills the banks of the mountain streams. The plain of the Wet field, which is about a mile long by half a mile wide [German], forms a delightful enclosed meadow,

covered with sweet-smelling Alpine herbs. In the spring the matchless blue of the gentian is the prevailing colour, and the low bushes of Alpine rose which clothe the rocky walls are in full bloom. In this remote solitude there are but three human habitations ; a deep and solemn silence is its characteristic feature. Only the cow-bells sound faintly from the meadow, and the brook flows peacefully as yet across the valley. But as it leaves the plain it leaps thundering into a frightful abyss, the "Bärenfall," while by its side a considerable stream glides noiselessly over 400 feet of smooth red rock, forming the Schleierfall, and arrives at the bottom in the finest spray. They have succeeded, by blasting the rocks, in making a steep bridle-path along the course of the torrent, leading in many places across bridges. You often hear the water roaring far down below, but the deep abyss hides it from sight. For above a mile the river forms a succession of waterfalls, which only cease when it reaches the middle basin. Here again it has to turn mill-wheels, hammer out iron, and wash gold ; then it hurries murmuring through the plain as if it were going to slip quietly out,

never dreaming what a terrible catastrophe awaits it before it reaches the lowest valley—a series of falls in close succession of 630 feet altogether. By the side of these falls lies Wildbad Gastein.

My bedroom in the Imperial Badeschloss is immediately beside the waterfall, and in spite of the double windows you might imagine yourself in the cabin of a steamer. People with weak nerves have great difficulty in accustoming themselves to the constant roar. Part of the water resolves itself into a cloud of mist rising into the air, and the bridge, which spans the fall in one bold arch, is covered in with a glass roof, enabling one to cross without getting wet. The whole stream forms a snowy mass of foam between its dark rocky banks clothed with pine-trees. Here the beneficent spring gushes out in great abundance from several openings, with a temperature of 39° Reaumur [about 120° Fahrenheit].

Now as the heat of the earth is known to increase 1 degree for every 100 feet, and the temperature of spring water is about 7° Reaumur [about 47° F.] on the surface, it follows that this thermal spring must rise from a depth of at least

3200 feet. It has to cool for twenty-four hours before it reaches the proper bath temperature. The water is crystal clear, no chemical analysis has succeeded in discovering the smallest trace of organic matter, and however long it is left standing no sediment ever forms in it. Its reviving effect is shown for instance on completely faded flowers, which when placed in it regain their bloom, as I myself have proved. In the great open bath the white earthenware tiles appear to be sky blue, but it is only the colour of the water. The baths are very comfortable. The first few knocked me up very much, now they are doing me good, but one has to be very careful with them and can easily overdo it.

Gastein has been known and used as a bath for thirteen hundred years, and yet, till within a few decades, the place consisted merely of a dozen wooden houses built in the style of the country. With a varying scale of size and ornamentation, this style retains its peculiar characteristics all over the Alps. The plentiful forests provide the material in the shape of tree-trunks, which, laid one upon the other and dove-tailed together at the

corners, form the walls. The roof, too, is of wood. As there is no iron it has to be made flat, or the shingles lying one above another would slip off. They are held together with laths, which are kept down with heavy stones in case of storm. On account of the almost daily rains, the roof has to project far beyond the walls of the house, and at the same time it covers the gallery, which the want of open ground renders necessary for drying purposes. The result is a warm and comfortable house, and even the poorest hut has an appearance of trim neatness. This rises to actual elegance in the Bernese Oberland, particularly in the fine carvings of the galleries in front of every storey on the best side of the house. In the more wealthy houses these galleries run round the whole house. The poorer people regard the winter store of wood, which is piled up to the roof on the weather side, as a protection, though of course an ever decreasing one. On the opposite side the roof is prolonged almost to the ground, and shelters the cattle. On the other hand, the fodder is kept in innumerable little huts on the spot where it is cut.

These huts are built exactly like the houses, entirely of wood, with flat projecting roofs held down by great stones, and walls of tree stems. Hundreds of them stand in the valleys and on the pastures on the mountain slopes, where they are scarcely visible to the naked eye.

What has arisen naturally and as the result of necessity has always a greater charm than the outcome of mere caprice. The crooked road formed by the exigencies of the ground is more attractive than one that is made straight with line and rule; the really national costume more beautiful than the levelling black coat. The Austrian uniform is white because the Moravian, Bohemian, and Austrian sheep are white; that of the frontier is brown, because the wool there comes from brown sheep. The hussars wear their becoming uniform because no buttonholes can be made in sheepskin, so cords have to be sewn on. Laced boots, bare knees and short leather breeches are the right thing for the continuous exertion of the mountaineer, and, with the pointed grey hat, adorned with the chamois tuft, constitute the handsome costume of the Tyrolese. The Italian

does not put on his round jacket, but carries it hung over his shoulder, because his climate permits of it. So, too, the styles of architecture are determined by local conditions, and each is perfectly distinct from the other. The moment you leave the Alps for Germany, stone architecture at once begins, with towers, gables and oriels, cosy seats in the deep window bays, vaulted halls, stone steps, and often quaint additions, terraces and balconies.

As you go farther north romance dies out. No beauty of landscape suggests it, and the most urgent necessity—shelter from the rude climate—is the first consideration. The unsightly bricks do not permit of such ornamentation as masonry. Everything is reduced to what is absolutely necessary, and so the hideous square building arises, affording the largest amount of room with the least expenditure of time. The roof is made high and pointed to keep off the weight of snow, and finally straw comes in place of stone, and the beasts of the field shelter under the same roof with the human beings. On the Rhine, the Sieben-gebirge marks a very distinct boundary between

the Franconian and the Saxon style of architecture. What a difference between Coblenz and Cologne !

But I am in Gastein. Here stone palaces are rising all round the waterfall, and have nearly driven out the wooden houses ; for the luxury of the capital has been transplanted into the solitude of these Highlands. It makes a very pretty picture. The handsome, white-washed houses, the rocky declivities thick with black pine, the tender green of the meadows, and the silvery foaming river, make up a most picturesque view. From my window I can see the greater part of the lowest shelf of the valley. On both sides rise the rocky walls 7000 feet high, clothed at their foot with pine forests, further up with pale green pastures, with here and there a shepherd's hut, and above all, the bare summits of the mountains. The bed of the valley, which is about four miles long, and half a mile wide, is entirely filled up by the most splendid meadows, some farms, and numberless hay-sheds. At a distance of a mile [about $4\frac{1}{10}$ miles English] rises the slender and elegant white tower of the market town of Hofgastein, but behind that again,

the bare peaks of the Tännengebirge shut in the view.

This beautiful valley seems to be secluded from the rest of the world, and without any opening. Only a grim ravine, the so-called Klamm, leads down to the broad valley of Salzach. The ruins of an old castle look like the bar that closed this exit, and, no doubt, it kept it barred for many a long day. But the long-suffering torrent manages to slip through, and escapes by one last desperate leap into freedom, which forms the wonderful waterfall, where it finally emerges. The road, which has been made with great trouble and ingenuity, follows it with less precipitancy.

We found some very sociable people here, but they are leaving just as we were getting to know them. We leave here to-morrow for Meran, travelling slowly through the beautiful highlands of Steiermark and the Tyrol. The doctor makes a great point of his patients not returning to business immediately after treatment. I have ordered my Staff to Trier for the 1st of October. The autumn manœuvres start from thence, and I expect to be in Berlin again by the middle of

October. Good-bye, dear Ludwig. Marie joins me in love to you and yours. As writing is a great effort to me, you will do me a kindness by giving the others news of us.

Very affectionately yours,

HELMUTH

Berlin, November 18th, 1860.

DEAR, GOOD LOUIS,

I have long wanted to write to you, particularly to congratulate you on your appointment as Kammerherr.

I only returned to Berlin a few days ago, after having been constantly absent and on my travels since the 1st of May. Our last excursion was to Masuren, on the Russian frontier,—no great pleasure at this time of year. On the other side of the Vistula everything was buried in snow.

During the last few days of our stay in Gastein, we went for a walk every evening on the only road which connects this rocky nook with Europe, and inspected the travellers who arrived by the mail.

I have all sorts of committees to attend, which greatly occupy my time. In the evening I am so

tired that I get Marie to read me the lightest literature, mostly English books by Dickens, such as "Household Words," which contains some very pretty things.

I must confine the political information which Mie asks of me to the remark that one still has more chances by betting on peace, rather than on war; for no one so easily makes up his mind to stake much, if not all. But I may be mistaken even in this, so I prefer to prophesy nothing. Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, April 23rd, 1864.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I take the opportunity of little Rose's birthday, not only to wish her every happiness, but to give you news of us after a long interval.

The strain of anxious expectancy of the last weeks has been lifted by the events of the 18th.⁶ But apart from the mourning into which thousands of families have been thrown by the loss of relatives, feeling as to the issue must differ widely

⁶ Storming of Düppel.

in the families round you, so many of whom are bound to Denmark by the closest ties.

The enthusiasm with which that little country fights for its cause, the endurance and devotion with which the army held its position at Düppel, must excite the admiration even of their opponents. Their troops suffered indescribably, far more than ours, which had the initiative of attack, and which being superior in number could relieve each other in the arduous task. But were the Danish authorities, in their insular security, justified in demanding such sacrifices? Was it even a just cause for which they demanded them?

I think it may be asserted that for several centuries, and particularly since the accession of Christian VII., Denmark has claimed a position amongst the European powers, not based on her own nationality, which she has only been able to maintain to the injury of another and greater power; and this is at length obliged to defend itself. Even the strongest can only permit himself to be insulted by a weaker foe up to a certain point. The Germans in the Duchies could have lived long and happily under the sceptre of a

Danish king, but it was impossible that they should submit for any length of time to the decisions of the majority in a Danish parliament. From the moment when Prussia and Austria ceased to paralyze one another, as they did in the last Danish war, the Government in Copenhagen could no longer hope to assert her pretensions single-handed. It is true that divisions still exist in Germany, but the Würzburg governments go as much too far in their demands as they are behindhand with the means to carry them through. It has been known for weeks in Copenhagen that direct help was not to be expected from abroad, either from France, England, or Sweden. In spite of all the advantages of their position and entrenchments, the Danish forces were at last obliged to yield to an opponent not only twice as strong, but better drilled, armed, and equipped. And yet an assembly of lawyers, newspaper men, and chamber orators decreed resistance to the death.

The Danish press is abominable. Were it really the voice of the Danish people, one could have no pity for them. Even in these last days it decried

even the military honour of those who have defeated them in every engagement. They are accused of theft, incendiarism, treachery, and cowardice. They say that the Prussians have to be forced into fighting by abuse and blows, that they must be called off from Austria because they will not bite ; and the greatest absurdities besides. For instance, about the battle of Eritsœ, between Austria and Prussia, in which "according to the probably exaggerated account of the inhabitants," 3000 men fell, "the loss at any rate was very great." And the President of the Ministry and Bishop Monrad communicate these maunderings of some obscure reporter as facts to astonished Europe, add official footnotes, and the *Times* dishes up such nonsense to its readers.

I suppose there are hardly any such good-natured souls as our soldiers. No sooner is the last shot fired than the tall Westphalians begin, like nursemaids, to carry the Danish and their own wounded to the nearest hospital, where they all receive the same careful attention. Henry describes these scenes in his letters. The Danes go on shooting till our men are close upon them,

then throw away their arms, ask for quarter, and get it. In each fight there were 20, 50, 100, and on the 18th 3145 [prisoners]. These crowds, numbering now more than 5000 men, are treated in Prussian fortresses like Prussian soldiers. In the hospitals, particularly in the really luxurious one belonging to the Knights of St. John, Danish officers and common soldiers lay side by side with the Prussians.

Altogether it would hardly have been possible to show more humanity than has been done in this war, though it certainly entailed indescribable privations and sufferings on the troops.

The bombardment of Sonderburg was inevitable. The Danes know best what military value this part of their fortified position has for them. The summons to evacuate the fortress occurred ten days before, in the shape of a few shells which were thrown in, but was not followed up by any further cannonade. The townspeople left then, but subsequently returned.

The Danes are so obstinate that it will need a second decisive blow to bring the military part of the question to an end. The difficulty is how to

get at them. What diplomacy will make of it then, God alone knows.

Would that in Denmark too the Conservation element could emancipate itself from the nightmare of the prevailing Democracy. A Denmark which should refuse to exist at the expense of Germany would at once be Germany's most natural ally. I believe firmly that Sweden is far more dangerous than Germany to Denmark's independent nationality. The assembling of the troops at Schonen, too late to be of any use to Denmark, is more menacing probably to her than to us.

But enough of war and politics.

Best love to Mie and your daughters, especially to the Rosebud, and may it open sweetly in the warm spring sunshine. Your faithful brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, September 9th, 1866.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I have just received your sad news of the death of your excellent wife. I can well imagine the deep grief in your family. Mie leaves behind her the love and respect of all who knew her. Her

even temper and kindly disposition, her faithful performance of duty, her rule in the household, and unremitting care for her children can never be replaced. You will miss her grievously. Who would have thought that her old mother would outlive her? it will be a great blow to her. Still, by God's mercy, many members of our family are yet with us, though at a great age; some of us must soon meet on the other side. For to-day accept this expression of my most heartfelt sympathy. If we can be of the slightest use or assistance to you, you may count upon your brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, April 14th, 1867.

DEAR LUDWIG,

. . . I want so much to get away and look at an estate in Lausitz which has been recommended to me by a competent and disinterested judge as a very advantageous bargain. But there is still the Reichstag, though it probably closes the day after to morrow; then, till the 20th, a Commission on the plans for the naval harbour, then the

wedding of the Count of Flanders—(not to mention my own silver wedding,—is it possible ?), at which I have been appointed to wait on the King of the Belgians. Then there is Louis Napoleon with his lunatic Frenchmen, and finally the continuous rain which is making me quite ill. On this prospective estate there is an enormous castle, in which Augustine the Strong stayed when he journeyed to Warsaw, and wild deer, and black game, and fishing. It would be charming if we could all retire from public life and go to live there altogether.

I have asked Fritz often enough to leave his goods and chattels quietly in Flensburg, and only look for a house when he returns. If I make this purchase, he and Guste would at once have a place to live in rent free, and, what is most important for him, congenial occupation. For so long as I cannot be there myself for any length of time, some trustworthy person would have to be always on the spot.

Most affectionately,

HELMUTH.

Christmas Eve, 1868.

DEAR LUDWIG,

This afternoon at three o'clock our beloved Marie departed this life. Her beautiful features still bear the impress of the noble, upright, and faithful spirit which endeared her to all who knew her. No care, no medical skill could save her; a terrible fever snatched her away. The continual alternations of hope and despair broke us down at last. Only yesterday evening, while she slept for seven hours, we still had confident hopes. This morning dreadful palpitation of the heart set in, accompanied by delirium. She had a presentiment of death much sooner than this, took leave of us and prayed in a low voice for us all. To-day during the most violent fever of delirium her looks and trembling movements expressed her thoughts. After a short, slight convulsion she then fell asleep to wake in a better world, from which I would not recall her. Guste has in her quiet way performed wonders.

Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, 26th December, 1868.

DEAR LUDWIG,

The others have no doubt told you of the course and end of the terrible illness which for sixteen days kept us constantly alternating between hope and fear, and exhausted all our strength.

Gently and painlessly Marie fell asleep on Christmas Eve, a few hours before the distribution of the Christmas presents to the servants, which she had arranged herself. Her countenance, like the most beautiful marble bust, expressed the quiet resignation, the resolute strength of her character. Decomposition set in very rapidly and the coffin has already had to be closed to-day.

The service will be performed here on Monday at three o'clock, and on the same evening the body will be removed to Creisau, whither I accompany it.

You and your children will be able to appreciate the loss I have sustained, for you knew Marie's worth. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

TO HIS BROTHER LUDWIG. 213

Berlin, January 23rd, 1869.

DEAR LUDWIG,

It is with much concern that I hear from your yesterday's letter of Guste's illness; God forbid it shall be that terrible rheumatic fever. I fear that she is feeling the after effect of her severe spell of sick-nursing, when for sixteen nights she got no rest. I too felt some of these after-effects, but it seems to have gone over now. I hope that Jeannette, who left this morning, will write us a few lines this evening. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, March 22nd, 1872.

DEAR LUDWIG,

All the letters and even the excellent southern fruit came safely to hand after a few wanderings, and pleased us very much, especially Hanne's letter written in such a firm hand, and the pretty little sketch of the Ufergebirge. It is to be hoped that by God's help she may be completely restored to health, but I think you will have to entertain the idea of spending next winter too in the warm south, if the cure is to be

thorough. In that case it is not worth while to make the long journey back just for the few months of real summer that we have in the north, and you would do better to avoid the heat, in Switzerland, by going to Glion, 1000 feet above Montreux, or to the Upper Engadine, 5000 feet above the sea.

You still have to claim 1500 thalers from me. Instead of this sum, however, as it is the Emperor's birthday, I want to make you a present of 21,000 thalers with the interest from the past New Year. I have a hundred shares in the Central Bodencredit, at 200 thalers—nominally 20,000 thalers, put by for you in a special money-box, which you can fetch or send for here at any time. The shares, which are above par, yield an annual dividend of 1000 thalers. This amounts to 250 thalers for the first quarter, and on the 1st of July 300 thalers will fall due, which you can dispose of as you please—either have sent to you or use in some other manner.

With a fixed increase of 1000 thalers to your income, I hope you may be free of care.

When Hanne is a little stronger you can make

some charming excursions from Nervi to the Riviera. I have a lively recollection of Rapollo. The road to it lies through a tunnel with a magnificent view looking back upon "Genova la superba." I have never seen such splendid breakers as there and at Chiavari. La Spezzia, and Porto Venere, both quite near, are said to be particularly beautiful.

At Creisau we are building and planting busily. You will find it greatly changed when you come again. With best wishes,

Your affectionate brother,

HELMUTH.

Rome, April 20th, 1876.

DEAR LUDWIG,

For a fortnight we have been housed on the Capitoline, the most famous of the Seven Hills of Eternal Rome, where once stood the temple of Jupiter Stator, now the Caffarelli Palace. It is now thirty years since you accompanied us here, and much has changed since then. Almost the whole of the old Forum has been dug out, the lava pavement of the Via Triumphalis has been un-

covered, and the marble flooring of the temple, from which rise the shafts of granite pillars, some entire almost to the capital, but most of them merely stumps. It is not beautiful, but very interesting. Still more important excavations have been carried out on the Palatine, which I overlook from my windows, where even the foundations of the *Roma quadrata* of Romulus have become visible, made of blocks of tufa put together without any mortar. But the wide Campagna beyond, as far as the Albanian Hills, the mighty arches of the Aqueducts, the straight line of the Via Appia with the ruins of Cæcilia Metella's tomb, and away over the Viaduct to Arina—all this has remained unchanged.

And so, too, the self-same Pope is there who was chosen in 1846, only that he has moved out of the Quirinal to self-inflicted imprisonment in the Vatican—a prison, to be sure, which has not its like in the world.

I remember so well how stately Count Ferretti, on whom the Holy Ghost had laid the choice of the Conclave, drove in Benvenuto Cellini's golden coach, through the densely-crowded streets, from

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the Quirinal to St. Peter's. How enthusiastically he was greeted then ! He was expected to create the "unità d'Italia." But the union of the Italian principalities under the dominion of Rome could only be accomplished by means of revolution, by the revolt of the people against their rulers, the driving out of the foreign despots—in short, by those violent convulsions which were reserved for later times. And how could a Pope approve of all this ? His liberal politics were soon converted into the very opposite ; he was called Pio Nono the Second, and he had to fly to Gaeta till the reaction of 1850 restored him to Rome, where, however, he was only able to govern under the protection of French bayonets, and by proclaiming a state of siege. And yet this remarkable old man has carried the claims made by Gregory VII. and Innocent III. to temporal power further than any Pope before him, in numerous Concordats, in the Encyclical, and finally in the dogma of Infallibility. But at the very moment when Papacy has in theory reached the highest point of its power, its worldly supremacy breaks down. Victor Emanuel had already put himself at the head of the national

movement, when the victories of the German army forced France, for her own safety, to deprive the Pope of his last support, thereby opening the gates of Rome to the Piedmontese King. And now, in the Quirinal, within the old Wall of Aurelian, sits the Imperator who governs from Etna to the Alps, and exactly opposite, on the Janiculus, is a prisoner who claims the sovereignty of the world, a monarch without a realm, yet exercising an enormous influence in both hemispheres. The nearer to Rome, the more the nimbus of the Roman Church vanishes; still, she has on her side the women of all Catholic and even of some Protestant countries, with emotion, imagination, and narrowness, all mighty factors. No external power can prevail against the Papacy, it has weathered worse storms than these.

The result in Rome of the revulsion in politics is that one sees fewer priests than formerly, rather fewer beggars, and a great many more soldiers. The great Easter festivals of the Church have not taken place, nor the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, the Benediction from the Lateran, and the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's. The

temporal power now has to provide *panem et circenses*, and the 2600th birthday of the city is to be celebrated to-day by an illumination of the Colosseum, but it is blowing and raining as if we were in the dear old Fatherland. The day after to-morrow we go a little farther south, to Naples, after having been entertained nearly three weeks in the kindest manner by the Keudells. Every morning we visited the endless treasures of Rome, and drove every afternoon in the Campagna. My stay here has done me great good, and my asthmatic affection is much relieved.

I wanted to have sent you this letter, dear Ludwig, before leaving Rome, of which you no doubt retain a lively recollection, although your stay there was unfortunately so short. From Naples we shall turn slowly homewards, making perhaps a short halt in Switzerland, to wait and see if it is not going to be spring at last. I shall then go straight to Creisau, and hope that you will come to fetch your little daughter Hanne, who will hardly be able to leave Goerbersdorf sooner than that. In the meantime much love from your affectionate brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, September 15th, 1876.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I was delighted to find from your letter of the 1st, that you were enjoying yourselves in Creisau. But if so, why do you want to leave again so soon. You might at least stay till the 2nd of October, and put off your visit to Dresden till after the ceremony at Parchim.⁷

I think it would be most fitting for you to return thanks for me to the Grand Duke, the town and all concerned, and especially to the committee. Three or four of the giants,⁸ from Wilhelm to Ludwig, will certainly be present and will represent the name grandly. Yours affectionately,

HELMUTH.

Creisau, October 7th, 1876.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I read your description of the ceremony with the greatest interest, and Ludwig, who arrived unexpectedly yesterday, was able to give

⁷ Unveiling of a statue of the Field-Marshal.

⁸ The Field-Marshal's four nephews, his brother Adolf's sons.

further details and brought cuttings from the newspapers. It really seems to have been a success, but I was very glad to be able to look on from the safe shelter of Creisau. For many a one now sleeping under the green sod in France did more than we who survive ; and even to some of us, public opinion is most unjust. I will mention only Manteuffel, who, in spite of the greatest and most successful achievements, is one of the most unpopular men in Germany.

However, I shall be obliged to go to Parchim in the late autumn, in order to thank my native countrymen in person.

I regret that you should not be in Creisau, which is delightful just now, with 16° of heat [about 60° F.] and bright sunshine. The pine-apple house is ready, and the plants bought, and in three years' time my successors will be able to eat the fruit. The fountains play in two of the basins, but there is still a good deal to be done. In the evening I go out shooting with Ludwig and the game-keeper.

Hares are scarce this year, all the March broods have been destroyed. Yesterday the keeper shot

a roebuck and a pheasant. But it is a pleasure only to watch the ways of the animal world in the silence of the falling darkness, and in these surroundings of woods and hills. During the day there is much to be done, and the day is over, and it is time for the game of whist, before one has fairly looked round. With my best thanks for having undertaken the journey to Parchim. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Creisau, October 27th, 1876.

DEAR LUDWIG,

What a pity that you were not here for the shooting on the 24th. It was a sunny, beautiful day, and the view from the different points most wonderful. The principal guns were Bethusy and his nephew Reinhold, Count Harrach, Herr von Salisch, Count Perponcher from Neudorf, the Lieres, Zedlitzes and Websky. But we only killed fifty hares and one deer. However, Mamsell [the housekeeper] had prepared a delicious dinner—but I will not pain you by mentioning more of the menu than mock turtle,

pâté de foie gras, carp in aspic, and venison, which I shot myself a week before, at sixty-one paces at full gallop. I think the poor beast must have been predestinated.

When you come next year, you will find the orchard house finished and 400 plants bearing fruit; and two fountains splashing in front of the verandah and the elm trees. The water has been conducted into the kitchen garden and the hot-houses, so that it is no longer necessary to drag every watering-can full up from the Peile. In the garden round the little house on the hill, into which Aunt Augusta is going to remove presently, we have planted a nursery of more than 5000 little oaks. Besides which, a road will be made this autumn through the orchard, and the long copse, so that we can drive $\frac{3}{4}$ mile [more than 3 miles English] through a park. There are more than a hundred magnificent oaks in the farthest wood, which will then be seen to advantage.

On the Chapel hill all the birches—the ill weeds of the forest—will be rooted out in three years. So you see there is much work to be superin-

tended, the rooms are good and comfortably heated, and we have lovely sunshine again to-day after a few days of fog. I cannot therefore make up my mind to return to Berlin. I daresay the Reichstag can do without me at first.

. . . On the 26th the regimental band came over from Schweidnitz, followed by the school-children, under the command of the master, and then the Sisters marched up with their little troop. They were all taken into the great hall, where Mamsell had provided mountains of bread and butter, and two barrels of beer, so that all of them, even down to the babies, went on their homeward way satisfied and rejoicing.

With the pile of letters I still have to answer, I must close here with best love from us all.
Yours,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, July 8th, 1879.

DEAR LUDWIG,

I have just arrived here from Creisau, and must send little Hanne my most affectionate good wishes for her birthday to-day. I hope that she

has recovered from her late indisposition, and that you and Friederike may have a very pleasant day.

I came here to stand by my party during the third reading of the important Duty and Tax Bill, as a single vote sometimes turns the scale. I hope, however, that after the long discussions that have gone before, the final business may not last very long, and I shall be able to return soon to Creisau.

It is very charming in the country, and when you come you will find much that is new ; all the plantations especially have grown immensely. The agricultural year, it is true, has closed very badly, with a considerable deficit instead of a surplus. Now, however, the management is in the hands of Ludwig and a capable, or at any rate honest, steward.

The young crops are looking very well, and promise a rich harvest, if we could only have some warm, dry weather. The violent rains have flooded the Peile till all the meadows are under water. However welcome the overflowing of this little Silesian Nile may be in the spring, it is

equally disastrous at the time of the hay harvest. Everything is encrusted with a fine grey slime, and the greater part of the abundant hay had to be thrown away. The continuous damp is of course most beneficial to the young trees in the plantations, and they are a mass of fresh green foliage. With best love to you all,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, April 12th, 1882.

DEAR LUDWIG,

This is indeed delightful news. If, as we will hope, all your daughters are equally generously remembered—for which, may God reward good old Count Wedell—they will all be provided for.

And now you can take things a little more easily in your old days. I had made up my mind to that myself, but one has to bring much resolution to bear upon it; the abominable habit of economy sticks so firmly that it is difficult to get rid of. When, however, all those belonging to us are provided for, it is really a duty to think of ourselves.

In a day or two I leave with Helmuth Moltke for Zurich, and go from thence to Ragatz; a few baths there would do you too a great deal of good. With congratulations and best wishes, your brother,

HELMUTH.

Creisau, May 30th, 1884.

DEAR LUDWIG,

If you wish to see Creisau in full beauty, you ought to come soon. The foliage is magnificent; not a cockchafer or a caterpillar has touched it. The meadows are covered with a first cutting of hay, and it is to be carried to-morrow. The hawthorn is in full blossom, and a thousand buds are opening on the rose-trees by the chapel. And none of you are here to whom to show all this splendour! My wine-cellar is well filled, and four carriage horses are there for driving out. We all send love, and are looking forward with much pleasure to your arrival with Röschen in a few days.

HELMUTH.

Creisau, October 29th, 1884.

DEAR LUDWIG,

My sincerest thanks to you and Röschen for your good wishes for my birthday No. 85. Your tasteful present arrived punctually in time for the shooting on the 23rd, and met with the unqualified approval of the twenty guests at table. I was most fortunate in having chosen for the shooting the one perfectly fine sunny day we have had, and the landscape glowed in all the beauty of blue hills and the autumn tints of the woods. One hundred and seventy fine hares, four deer, two snipe and one owl were brought home. The pheasants were not to be driven out of the thick cover, and contrary to all expectations only four were shot, of which two were sent to Uetersen and two to you.

The next day I had to go to Berlin, but only stayed one day, and so kept my birthday in the railway carriage ; but I spent the evening with relations in Saarau, to which I branched off from Königszelt. I returned here in the midst of storm and rain the day before yesterday, and found a pile of telegrams and letters, at the answering of which

Helmuth and I, *viribus unitis*, have had to work for two days.

We two are now reigning here in solitary splendour in our roomy castle.

Now that yesterday's election battle is over, I hope we may soon learn something of the result; I hope you will carry Bismarck through. Here, in the country, we do not, as you might suppose, choose a farmer, but—in our wisdom—a chimney sweep. He is said to be a great orator, and can make the voters believe all sorts of things. I am curious to see if my friends in Litthau want to have me again. Printed papers have been sent to me in which they say that, though I am in other respects really quite a good man, I am of no use as a Member because I vote for the corn and timber duties—certainly the chief articles of commerce in Memel. For all that, an unknown lady of that province has sent me a pair of knitted woollen gloves, and if the ladies are on my side there is still hope for me. With best love, your brother,

HELMUTH.

San Remo, March 24th, 1885.

DEAR LUDWIG,

Affectionate greetings to you from the edge of the Ligurian sea-board, of which you must have pleasing recollections from the time of your stay at Nervi! It is certainly a delusion when we think in Germany that there is no winter here. Even to-day I feel colder than in Berlin. Out of doors and walking it is delightful, but in the rooms a temperature of $+ 12^{\circ}$ Reaumur is most unsatisfactory. The sun is always bright and the sky clear, but the east wind is peculiarly cold and piercing. But that will soon change. Not only the almond and apricot but pear and cherry-trees are in full blossom, and the orange and citron trees full of hanging fruit. I am living in the house of a German medical man, Dr. Goltz. From our windows we look down upon the deep blue sea, and the promenade is delightful along the thousand feet and more of stone terrace, planted with palms, and the breakers come plunging in below. At the other side stand the palatial hotels, in an almost unbroken row. On a calm day it is delightful to walk or sit there and listen to the murmur of the

waves, the tranquil breathing of the slumbering sea. At other times they beat fiercely against the rocky shore, sending the foam flying up over the Molo.

We were very quiet for the first week. We are very comfortable and have made excursions into the immediate neighbourhood. Ingeniously constructed roads lead through the olive woods and up the hills to Madonna della Guardia and della Costa, while others run along the shore between countless villas. The violets are over, but the roses are on the point of opening, and will afford a most lovely sight. The orange trees, too, are beginning to blossom, a sign that the fruit is ripe. And yet I am looking forward to a German spring which, when it does come, is far more beautiful than it ever is here. All these grey olives and holm oaks are not to be compared with a green meadow and the first tender leaves of the beech woods. I expect to reach Creisau in May, and hope then to see you and Röschen again. Till then good-bye. Your brother,

HELMUTH.

Nervi, April 17th, 1885.

DEAR LUDWIG,

To-day I send you a friendly greeting from this well-remembered place—what a pity that you should not be here too! I daresay that you too lived in the Hotel Victoria near the shore, where, in the wing which was probably built afterwards, I have a charming apartment with a view over the palm and orange trees to the sea. The railroad which has of course been constructed since you were here, and runs between Genoa and La Spezzia, piercing the promontories with eighty tunnels, has no doubt brought many changes to Nervi, but the delightful footpath along the sea-shore past the old Saracen tower was certainly there in your time. Protected at the back by high walls, you have before you the endless expanse of the sea. I can sit there for hours watching the play of the waves. The long dark blue roller comes rushing along, “ever coming and ever fleeing,” and then with flying white mane it casts itself upon the low crags, and writhes foaming between the rifts in the rocks. The Italians call these waves *cavallos*, in remembrance most likely of the steeds

of Hephæstos.⁹ I am sure you often visited the Villa Gropallo with its great garden, where fresh blossoms are breaking out beside the ripe fruit on the orange and lemon trees.

I find it warmer here than on the Ponente. Nervi has this peculiarity, that no gorge opens down from the mountains; the bay is enclosed in an unbroken wall of hills, and receives only the south wind with open arms. The grand promontory of Portofino wards off the terrible east wind. With this configuration of the land it is impossible that there should be any promenades unless you were to climb up to Sant' Ilario. It is all shut in by houses and walls; but the walk by the sea makes up for everything.

What a really enchanting land this Italy is! As long as it was the wrestling ground of Germans and French its poet might well say, "Deh! Fosse tu piu forte, o meno bell' almeno!" (Röschen will correct this line); but now she too has got her "unità." Every creature begs here; the children hold out their hands with a "Moriamao di fame," but they dance merrily away if they fail to get

⁹ Poseidon?

anything. The mass of the population lives under heavy burdens, but life is not so bitterly earnest here as at home ; even the poorest need not freeze to death or starve. There sits a young fellow on the cliff smoking his *lancietta*, "cool to his inmost heart." He catches a fish, buys a handful of roast chestnuts at the next street corner, and is supplied with food for the day. The rest of his time he spends at the *boccia* or in lazy contemplation. Wherever there is a little pool or brook or some rainwater, there the women of Nervi assemble with the most animated conversation to wash the "gleaming garments," with which, to dry them, they adorn even the windows of the palaces. But you find good humour everywhere.

I intend to make one more short excursion to Santa Margarita and Rapallo in the Levante, then to stay in Cadenabbia on the Lake of Como till it is spring in Germany. Then indeed it is more beautiful in our beech woods than here, and I shall take it as a peculiar favour from God if I am permitted to see the awakening of Nature in my own home for the eighty-fifth time. With best love, your brother,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, May 24th, 1888.

DEAR LUDWIG,

. . . I regard it as a special mercy of God each time that I live to see a new spring. When a man has outlived his three-score and ten years, he can only pray that the Lord will take him mercifully to Himself, without too much suffering and infirmity. True it is that "Death is never a welcome guest," still I have no wish to live through the next few years; a bad time is coming for Germany, and I unfortunately cannot seclude myself in peace. *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*, is not vouchsafed to me; I may yet have to swear allegiance to a fifth King of Prussia.

I have just returned from the grand wedding at Charlottenberg; ¹ the papers will give you full descriptions. The bride, with the crown on her head and covered with the Crown jewels, looked charming. In the midst of all the splendour the Empress Augusta was brought in, in her wheel-chair, all in black without any kind of ornament. The tears came into my eyes as her grandchildren knelt before her to kiss her hand. Then the

Prince Henry of Prussia, son of the Emperor Frederick, was married on this day to Irene, Princess of Hesse.

Emperor came in, his tall, noble figure unbowed, greeting the company with a kindly smile. Only his eyes to me looked sunken, and his breathing was rapid and very painful. It is heart-breaking to see him struggling with inexhaustible patience and sweetness against his cruel fate ; one foot on the throne and the other in the grave.

My home party send affectionate messages to you and Rose, your faithful nurse. And so God bless you. Your feeble old brother,

HELMUTH.

THE END.

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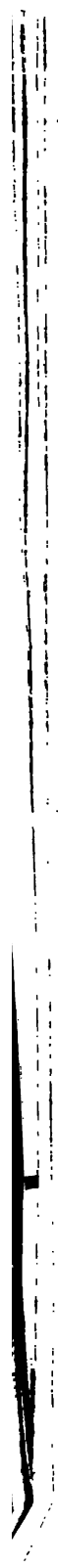
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